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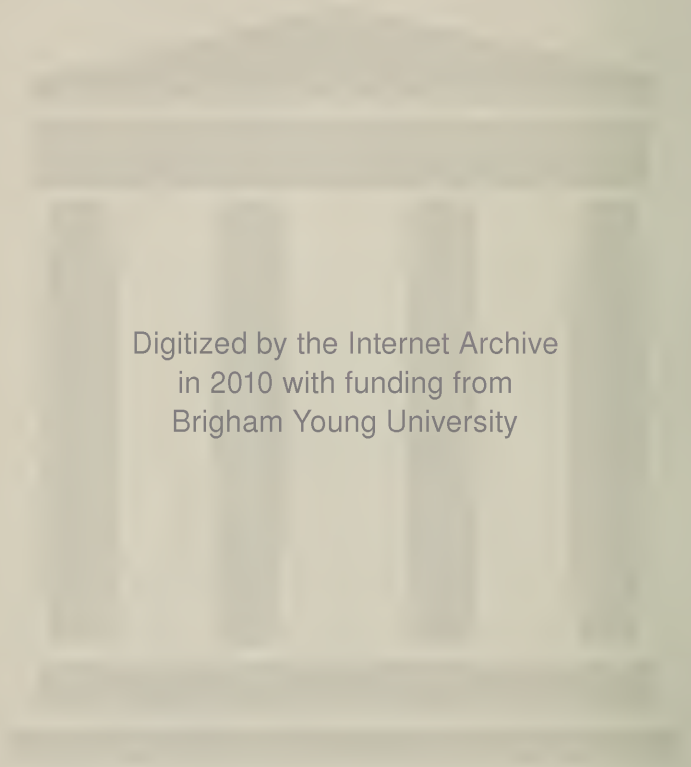

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MEETING

OF THE

MONTAGUE FAMILY

AT

HADLEY, MASS., AUG. 2, 1882.

BOSTON:
FRANKLIN PRESS: RAND, AVERY, AND COMPANY,
1882.

*** The Arabic numerals, raised above the line (e.g., William Montague[8]), found in the following pages, refer to appended Notes, pp. 97–107.

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TO THE FAMILY.

The Editor craves kind indulgence and information touching any inaccuracies in this Report. He has diligently, though not always successfully, sought confirmation of the correctness of every page. The preparation of the Report was undertaken by request of others, and has been much more laborious than was anticipated; but the work has been one of love, — to be amply repaid, if those who enjoyed the gathering at Hadley find within these pages a satisfactory account of a memorable day of rare pleasure. Courteous assistance has been rendered by many friends; but especial mention should be made of Prof. W. L. Montague, and Messrs. George and Charles C. Montague of Amherst. They have carefully read and revised all the proofs of the Report, and have made many valuable suggestions.

The preparation of the pictures has been supervised by Mr. Charles Montague of Boston.

RICHARD MONTAGUE.

Providence, R.I., Nov. 1, 1882.

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THE MONTAGUES AT HADLEY.

AUG. 2, 1882.

Early in the winter of 1881–82 thoughts were entertained of a gathering of the Montague family on some day of the following summer. Interest in the family history had been somewhat quickened by the summer researches of Mr. George W. and Mr. Charles C. Montague, sons of Mr. George Montague of Amherst. These brothers had discovered the probable grave of their first American ancestor, and had erected a marble head-stone, fittingly inscribed, to his honor. Correspondence with several gentlemen revealed a desire for a more extended acquaintance with the members and history of the family, and it was decided to attempt a meeting of the Montagues during the coming summer. Mr. George Montague of Amherst, to whom is due the credit of originating the successful undertaking, was made chairman of a committee of arrangements. Circulars appointing a gathering at Hadley, Mass., on Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1882, at ten A.M., "in commemoration of the two hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the settlement in that place of Richard Montague, our ancestor, who emigrated from England," were sent in all directions; and the many hearty responses that were soon received indicated a wide-spread interest in the plan. The committee was from time to time enlarged until it included representatives from thirteen States; sub-committees were appointed, and at an early date a full order of exercises was arranged. Circulars containing a full programme for the meeting, with necessary notices, and signed by a committee of forty gentlemen, all near or remote kinsmen of Richard Montague of Hadley, were sent to all persons in the country of the name or blood of Montague, of whom the committee could learn; and the secretary received a common reply, — a voice of hearty indorsement. The town of Hadley kindly proffered the use

of their public hall for the gathering, and the trustees of the First Congregational Society extended the use of their meeting-house to the committee of arrangements. A careful subdivision of labor, a ready response from speakers, poets, singers, marshals, and all who could lend a helping hand, assured, in case of pleasant weather and a large attendance, a successful meeting.

MORNING.

The morning of Aug. 2 dawned bright and warm. At an early hour conveyances brought scores from all the neighboring towns. The village hotel poured forth its many occupants; and the old town, usually quiet and solemn, seemed to be alive with stir and good cheer.

The public exercises, which opened at the church at 10.15 o'clock A.M., were attended by an audience that numbered nearly six hundred, and included, as shown by the book of registry and the speeches of the afternoon, kinsfolk from the North, the South, the East, and the West.

The decorations in the rear of the speaker's desk made a pleasing impression upon all as the audience-room was entered. They consisted of a collection of portraits and pictures, occupying a space eighteen by twelve feet, showing the pleasant face of Richard of Hadley, the heroic men and women of the Revolutionary period, with those, young and old, of a later date. Conspicuous among the pictures was an excellent drawing of the house built and occupied by the first Richard. Silk banners and potted plants adorned each side. The whole was surmounted by American and British flags, with an American shield at the apex, beneath which was the emblazonment, —

RICHARD MONTAGUE, 1660.

222 ANNIVERSARY, 1882.

The singing of the day, a feature of marked interest, conducted by Mr. R. M. Montague of Hadley, began with the following hymn, written by S. Marie Montague Woodman, of Chico, Cal., and sung by the whole audience to the tune of "Coronation:" —

OPENING HYMN.

Let loud hosannas swell the breeze,
And *rapture* fill our lays,
While, for this day we celebrate,
The God of freedom praise.

We hail *Old England's* sea-girt shores,
Our fathers' native land:
Wide may her "*Commons*" spread, until
In "*Peerless*" power they stand.

We hail *New England's* rock-bound coasts,
Her hills and valleys free;
The soil our fathers sought, to plant
The tree of *Liberty*.

We hail *thee*, Hadley, hallowed ground,
Home of our honored sire:
Let joyous *anthems* fill each heart,
And "*Welcome*" sound each lyre.

From Lake to Gulf, Atlantic shores
To where the setting sun
Sinks gently in Pacific waves, —
Her sons and daughters come.

Let hearts grow warm, and hand clasp hand
In pressure firm and true,
While memory lingers o'er the name
Of Richard Montague.

After a very fitting prayer by the Rev. Dr. Ayres of Hadley, the following hymn, written by Miss Adelia Montague of Mount Morris, Mich., was sung by the audience: —

HYMN.

Beneath these grand old elms we meet,
A happy band, in union sweet,
In friendship, love, and harmony,
Like children of one family.

. . . . . .

Here, on this anniversary day,
Let each glad heart a tribute pay,
Of love and gratitude and praise
For all the good that's crowned our days.

A Father's love in all we trace,
In blessings showered upon our race:
Oh, may our name with lustre bright
Shine ever on the side of right!

Let peace and happiness abound
In all our homes, the world around,
And may no stranger hand e'er hold
The home our fathers loved of old.

And when on earth our days are o'er,
May we all meet to part no more, —
Meet in that bright and happy land,
A joyous, glad, unbroken band! [1]

The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Mr. George Montague of Amherst, then gave an

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Montague Family, — A duty has fallen to me this morning, which is more agreeable in its performance than any in my previous life. It is, in behalf of the committee which I represent, to congratulate you on the arrival of this auspicious day which we have anticipated with so much joyful expectation, and to offer you a sincere and cordial welcome to all the interest which the occasion may develop in its exercises and kindred associations.

This Montague meeting, like many great enterprises, had a very limited beginning. The correspondence of a few friends — with the inquiry if such a meeting was desirable, and, if desirable, would it be practicable, and meet with general favor? — brought to us from all an unanimous and enthusiastic approval, and from many a promise of attendance.

Hence our gathering to-day is the spontaneous uprising of all

the Montague family in the country. For, although but few comparatively of the great family are here, yet there is a fair representation from many States and cities in response to the nine hundred circulars which have been distributed.

The Montagues from the Far West join hands to-day with their long-forgotten brothers of New England, and the Montagues of the Old Bay State greet with friendly salutation their kindred from the Old Dominion; and we have all returned to this lovely rural town, which our ancestor chose for his residence two hundred and twenty-two years ago (retracing the diverging lines of scores of years, which have so widely sundered us), to call up the pleasant memories of the past, to gain a new inspiration of joy from the exercises and communications of the day, to make our acquaintance with those whom we have never before seen, and hear names of kindred which we have never before heard.

The universal declaration was: "The Montague meeting *must be;*" and to-day we have unmistakable demonstration that IT IS.

We also express our congratulations for the good success which has attended the committee in making arrangements for the meeting. Our thanks are due to the good people of Hadley for the town-hall freely tendered for our use by vote at their annual meeting; and, when it became evident that a larger room would be required, the pastor and parish committee of the First Church yielded to our necessities this pleasant church, with its agreeable seats, gallery, and reception-room. We congratulate ourselves, that, as descendants of the first Richard Montague, we have come to his old home, and have found the descendants of his neighbors so glad to receive us.

Another congratulation we may offer, the expression of which affords us great satisfation. It is, that the ancient home of the first Richard Montague in this place is yet in the possession of his direct descendants, and has always been held by them. Two Montague ladies now hold the title-deeds to the land on which the first house was erected, by Richard Montague himself, more than two hundred years ago.

It is a matter of congratulation, also, that those of our name have so largely increased, have enjoyed the average prosperity,

and have sustained a reputation for honesty and reliability and all manly virtues. We have never heard of a Montague a defaulter, or unfaithful to any pecuniary trust. They have been the depositaries of trust funds for the widow and orphan; they are presidents and cashiers of corporate institutions: but no record has ever shown a misappropriation of funds, or an application of public money to their private use. They have been kind husbands and fathers, industrious and judicious in all practical avocations, and always the firm advocates of all moral reform. Their leading characteristics have been great caution in forming opinions, and great firmness in sustaining them when formed. The motto of the ancient family in England seems to have expressed this peculiar trait: "Through all changes, always the same."

It is also a characteristic of the Montagues, that whenever two of the name chance to meet, who have been strangers, they always inquire in regard to the ancestry of each, with a curiosity to know how nearly they are related.

They have been believers in a divine Christianity, and have sought to regulate their lives according to its requirements. Hence they have attained to a high moral standard.

The ladies of the name have exhibited the same general good characteristics. And you will permit us to say, that we do not make this reference for the poor temporary advantage which a cheap, easy-flowing adulation might afford, but rather to place upon record at this time our high estimation of the worth and excellence of the Montague ladies. Always comely in appearance, often beautiful, they have been kind and affectionate daughters, wives, and mothers, cultivated in mind and heart, generous and sympathetic with the suffering and afflicted, meeting the vicissitudes of practical life with the courage and strength imparted by a firm religious faith, and deeply interested in the elevation of degraded humanity.

Again, it is worthy of remark, that for us this meeting is an original one. Never before in this country, and probably never at any time, were there so many of the name of Montague assembled.

With joyful hearts we enter upon the exercises of this day which we have all anticipated with so much pleasure. And, I

repeat, in behalf of the committee whom I have the honor to represent, we extend to all a cordial welcome. From the citizens of this rural town, whose guests for the time being we are permitted to be, you have a sincere welcome to the enjoyment of its beautiful natural scenery, and its ancient associations.

And now bright scenes adorn the opening day,
Each heart awaits with expectation due,
While History's muse prolongs the joyous lay,
And garlands weave, for Richard Montague.

The audience united in singing the following lines, written by Mrs. Mary Montague Merwin of Newark, N.J. : —

SONG.

As pilgrims who tarry at night by the stream,
And pitch their white tents where the still waters gleam,
So we, on life's march with our world-weary feet,
Halt here at the old home, our kindred to greet.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
In this beautiful vale was our forefather's home.

As sailors who gaze on the bright beacon light,
That guides safe to port through the darkness of night,
So joyful this mountain our eager eyes caught,
For we knew at its foot was the home that we sought. — CHO.

This mountain and river and vale are the same,
As when Richard the Roundhead from Cavaliers came,
And, charmed by the beauty, refreshed by the shade,
A home on this spot for the Montagues made. — CHO.

With gladness we come to this hallowed place;
With gladness we look upon each other's face:
May we keep our last tryst on Mount Zion above,
There in chorus more perfect to sing of God's love!

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
May the Montagues meet in a heavenly home.

The Chairman: — Two hundred and twenty-two years ago, the first Richard Montague settled in this place. One hundred and sixteen years from his settlement, his great-grandson, Major Richard Montague, was with Washington and the American army before Boston. And to-day, — one hundred and six years later, — a great-grandson of this Revolutionary hero, and one bearing his name, is present, and will address you on "The Montague Family in America." I have the honor to introduce the Rev. Richard Montague of Providence, R.I.[2]

ADDRESS OF REV. RICHARD MONTAGUE,

ON

THE MONTAGUES IN AMERICA.

Mr. Chairman, Friends and Kinsfolk, fair Dames and good Men, strong Lads and bright Lasses, of the Name and Blood of Montague, — What a goodly company is this! Cousins all to-day, if never before or after. We rejoice in one blood and in a common heritage. "Several blackguards among them, but not one blockhead that I ever heard of," — this was the terse account of her kinsfolk, which her grandfather gave to the Jane Welsh who afterwards married Thomas Carlyle. It is clear that old Mr. Welsh was no excessive enthusiast in heraldry. Nor is any one of us, perchance, disposed to put undue stress on ancestry. Yet it gives me unfeigned pleasure, and it is, we will all surely agree, an occasion of hearty gratulation, that, after considerable research into our family annals, and a somewhat extended correspondence with the living generation, I can honestly say of our ancestors, at the outset, "*Blackguards none, and blockheads none, that I have yet heard of.*" We may look one another in the face to-day with self-respect, and with profound gratitude for a worthy succession of progenitors.

Our forefathers may have been plain men, humble men; but they were able men, faithful men, resolute workers, no shirkers of responsibility, living as if God's eye was on them, citizens of time and eternity.

There is a story that Matthew Prior was one of a London club of lords and gentlemen, who in their good-natured banter were wont often to rail at what they called his "plebeian ancestry." One day "my lords," knowing little else to talk about,

were stirring up poor Prior, and asked him to unite with them in writing epitaphs for their tombstones. With quick wit, when each had ended an account of his noble descent, Matthew penned these lines: —

> "My lords and gentry! By your leave,
> Here lies what once was Matthew Prior, —
> A son of Adam and of Eve:
> Can any of you gents go higher?"

I suppose we must all go to the fountain-head, first or last; and I always had considerable sympathy with the satire of Mark Twain's lament over the tomb of his noble ancestor Adam. And yet it is pleasant, if possible, to discover some connecting links between ourselves and that most ancient and for a time most worthy gentleman. The Good Book, indeed, warns us against fables and endless genealogies. Happily we have facts at our command; and, as for genealogy, the wisest of us loses the link that joins the year 1500 with former generations.[3]

The popular ridicule of family antiquarians, however, is not quite just. Some men become mere Dryasdusts in their studies, or they revolve about a needle-point for a lifetime. But they see every thing within their narrow range of observation, and men of broader view would be helpless without them. More than thirty years ago a gentleman of our name, who was then a member of the English Parliament, wrote to the accomplished antiquarian who is with us to-day, and to whom is chiefly to be credited the possibility of any trustworthy sketch of our clan, and whose broader studies and wisely-directed energies have greatly enriched the resources of general New England history:[4] "Family history, I conceive, may be made very serviceable in beguiling the intervals which we all have, more or less, during the more pressing occupations of life. I cannot but feel that man is as much connected with the past as with the future; and therefore it is idle to ridicule a desire that every well-bred man should entertain, — that of knowing clearly as much as he can of what may be found in the page of history, and surely family history in particular."[5]

The history of New England is in great measure the history

of her towns. They were the centres of her civic and religious life. The history of a New England town is in no small degree the history of its families. Trace the course of a few of these households, their growing families and varied fortunes, and you have a vivid picture of the past. Musty records, family Bibles, old portraits, precious heirlooms, tax-rates, petitions, genealogies, all available material for the construction of a family history, — this is the key that opens the cabinet wherein are displayed the thoughts and hopes, the religion and life, the manners and attire, of generations past. Thus, indeed, the past comes to live. Once more the ancients seem to walk and speak on earth. We see them sowing and reaping, milking and churning, spinning and weaving, praying and voting, fighting and advising. They are of our flesh and blood, — real men, only in another age and guise.

It was perhaps on some bright summer morning two hundred and twenty-two years ago that several wagons, heavily laden, moved slowly along the broad street of Wethersfield, Conn., to the neighboring town of Hartford. Thence they passed on, up the Connecticut River toward Springfield. Some twenty miles above they were to stop, never permanently to return. Each of these wagons contained the family and household effects of men who, for conscience and prosperity, were to settle the Indian Norwottuck, — the present Hadley.

There was division in the churches at Hartford and Wethersfield. A half-way covenant offended the consciences of some most excellent members, who sought the common welfare by withdrawal and removal. Fifty-nine originally agreed to settle the new town, but several lost heart or were prevented. A few had gone on as pioneers the year before, and had the privilege of selecting the choicest home-lots; and now the others are following on. Forty-seven in all are to be the original owners of the lots that lie alongside yonder noble avenue; of these Richard Montague is one. We could wish for more information concerning him and his. And yet we are not wholly ignorant of him and his family. As they pause at nightfall on their journey, it is an interesting group that we may see.

Richard is a man yet under fifty, in the vigor of a robust

life. An extant miniature, painted when he was perhaps about twenty, presents to us a handsome youth with beautiful brown locks falling down his neck, and a face at once serious and attractive.[6] The first thirty years of his life are clouded in some obscurity. He had come to Wethersfield with his wife and two daughters in 1651, and had brought from Emanuel Downing of Salem, Mass., — a relative of his wife, — a letter to Gov. Winthrop of Connecticut. Whether he had ever resided at Salem, cannot be said; though this might seem probable from the fact that his wife was at one time a member of the Salem church. He certainly had lived in Boston; for there two of his children were born, and baptized by the revered John Wilson, pastor of the First Church, of which Mrs. Montague was a member. But hardly had the good pastor consecrated the first of these children, little Sarah, when the parents were called to part with their babe, as yet but four days old. When Richard had married, I cannot learn. Their first child, a daughter, is said to have been born about 1642. Richard and his wife removed from Wells, Me., to Boston, about 1646. Mrs. Montague was received into the First Church, Boston, by letter of dismission from Wells, Me. The accounts of the two previous to this are somewhat confused and contradictory. There were, in Boveney, parish of Burnham, Buckinghamshire, England, three brothers, according to the Heralds' College; viz., William, Peter, and Richard Montague.[7] A romantic mind may well hesitate before choosing between the varying traditions. Shall we believe the tale that Peter and Richard sailed the same year, 1634, from England, — the one in a vessel which landed him in Virginia, the other in a craft which brought him to New England; that Richard had left his sweetheart, fair Abigail, behind, and with her the precious miniature which is still preserved; that somewhat later the oldest brother, William, came to America, but, not liking the country, returned to England, carrying with him Richard's message to Abigail, that 'all things were now ready, her youth was a man; let her come, and make with him a home'? Or shall we give our credence to that other yet more romantic tradition that when Abigail Downing's father, who was a grave doctor of divinity, learned of her betrothal to Richard, he was ill-

pleased with the match; and to escape his ire the ardent lover, Romeo-like, stole to his lady's chamber-window, and then in the stillness of night took his fair prize, unbeknown to the objecting parents, and with her ran away to America?

You may take your choice of traditions; only bearing in mind that it seems well accredited that Richard came from Boveney, was brother to William and Peter, and married Abigail Downing, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Downing of Norwich, Eng., and the two are, so far as records go, first found in Boston, Mass., 1646, having removed from Wells, Me.

Whether it was a spirit of adventure, a desire for greater prosperity, or a longing for spiritual liberty, that sent our ancestor to these shores, we cannot say. It may have been a union of all these motives.

At any rate, here he is now, in the forty-sixth year of his age, pausing at nightfall with his wife, his children, and his effects, in this journey toward the new settlement, which with others he has undertaken mainly for conscience' sake. The family is not yet a large one. The wife is somewhat younger than her husband, and, though born in comfort, is willing and able to endure hardship. If the traditions cited are of value, they suggest that she is comely and attractive. Mary, their eldest daughter, is a blooming girl of perhaps eighteen; Martha is a bright miss of thirteen; Peter is not quite ten, already showing the practical sagacity and fitness to lead which characterized him in later years; Abigail and John are the two youngest of the family. In that wagon are family plate and precious heirlooms, most of which are now lost or destroyed. It is a religious household; and when the simple evening meal is ended, and the fit precautions against attacks by Indians or wild beasts have been taken, the father doubtless invokes the Divine protection during the night hours, and, having briefly cheered the hearts of all in their great undertaking, he, with his, sweetly falls asleep.

And now the scene shifts. Hadley is reached. The home-lot of eight acres has been assigned to Richard. It is on the east side of the long, wide street, — that noble avenue which to-day with its majestic elms is Hadley's just pride, — about midway between the north and middle highway to the woods. A rude

RICHARD MONTAGUE'S DWELLING HOUSE, HADLEY, MASS.

Built about 1660. Taken down 1831.

log-cabin doubtless met the necessities of the early days; but soon a substantial house, forty by twenty-four feet, of two stories, with a lean-to added at a later date, is needed. It is built with its end toward the street, and has its principal entrance on the south side. The panes of glass are very small, six by eight inches: the chimney, of course, is very large. This house stood for more than one hundred and fifty years: and when it was taken down, within the memory of some present, it was found, that, while the front part was lined with clay-mortar, the rear half was lined with brick; the supposition being that this was to render the rear bullet-proof in case of Indian attacks.

Here Richard and Abigail lived and worked and died. Their course was a humble one, and yet they were not wholly unknown to the outer world; for the Rev. Samuel Peters, who returned to England in 1774, and some thirty years thereafter published his life of Hugh Peters, refers in that book to the Hadley Montagues as follows: "Montague, of the family of the Earl of Sandwich, came to Boston, and settled at Hadley near Northampton, on Connecticut River, the most orthodox town in fanaticism in all Massachusetts. The great genius and shining talents of this noble Montague were not able to correct the manners and stubborn zeal of Hadley and Northampton. He lived near the Rev. Mr. Williams, . . . and was a firm friend to Goffe and Whaley, two of the judges of Charles I., who fled from the cave in New Haven to Hadley, to avoid the advertisements of Charles II., and were by Mr. Williams concealed many years. Montague was one of the few in the confidence of Williams and the judges. His integrity and virtues were equal to those of Rahab of Jericho, who entertained the spies which Joshua sent to search out the land of Canaan; and merits equal praise, and enjoys it. His posterity are not many, but what remain of them are valuable characters; and remain Puritans to this day except one, whose name is William Montague,[8] who made a tour to London about the year 1790, and became an Episcopal clergyman, and the rector of Dedham near Boston. He has the virtue, honor, and integrity imputed to his noble ancestry."

Now, for people who like to see their names in print, and desire to reckon all imaginary virtues to their ancestors, this

must seem a very satisfactory and quite ancient notice. The only trouble with it is, that the first part of it has scarcely any basis of fact, and Peters must have gotten his information from some one whose family vanity exceeded his accuracy. There is no evidence whatever that Richard Montague of Hadley was of gentle birth. His descent, if it can be traced to a noble line at all, is from the extinct Earls of Salisbury rather than from the Earl of Sandwich. He may have been in the confidence of the judges, and of Mr. Russell, whom Peters confounds with his successor Mr. Williams. Indeed, it is said that the regicides were once secreted in Richard's house, when search for them was made by emissaries of Charles II. This would partially confirm the tradition that Montague's emigration was because of his sympathy with Cromwell's cause. But it is not to be supposed that he ever sought to subdue the Puritanism of Hadley, — he was a part of it, — or that he had any "great genius, or shining talents," or special influence that would have enabled him to control the public sentiment. He was simply a humble man, of good intelligence and fair parts, of deep religion and virtue, but perhaps of less prominence and force of character than his two sons. Nor does he seem to have been among the wealthy men of Hadley. He may have left property in Wethersfield: but, while many of the Hadley settlers were assigned meadow-lands on the basis of two hundred or one hundred and fifty pounds valuation, Montague was among the ten who were rated at eighty pounds or less; yet at his death his property was inventoried at two hundred and seventy-seven pounds.

Richard's chief occupation was farming. By trade he was a baker; but there was little call for his skill except during the French and Indian wars, when he baked for the soldiers. And yet that skill is by tradition said to have been so great that "he could stand at the oven-door, and throw in his loaves, filling his oven neatly and completely." In that early period flour was bolted by hand; and in 1680 Richard Montague's bolting-mill was valued at eighty shillings, and Widow Montague sometimes bolted flour for others by the barrel.

Richard held some slight offices during his life. He was twice a selectman. In 1681 he was made clerk of writs. In

1661 and 1662 he was chosen hay-ward, or field-driver; and in 1663 it was voted "that Richard Montague should have four shillings for every grave he makes for a grown person, and two shillings for the grave of a child under ten years." In yonder cemetery sleep some of the ancients for whom he prepared, with reverent hands, their last resting-place. For twenty-one years our ancestor dwelt in peace and virtue on yonder homestead. His children married, and the race began to multiply. It was no doubt a happy home over which he ruled; and a little story that has come down to us suggests that he must have been a tender husband and parent, and we judge that he was not without a peculiar interest also in the animal kingdom.

Abigail Downing had been educated by her father as a lady, and on coming to America was forced to learn the details of a housewife's duties. She had not been long in Hadley before she began spinning linen thread, and at first was quite discouraged; but, succeeding at last, in her satisfaction she took a twist in her hand, and started toward dusk to meet her husband returning from the field. He heard her story of failure and triumph, took the thread, and kissed his wife, and then with tender simplicity said, "Why, yes, and now I understand; for as I was working in the field I heard a little bird singing, and he seemed to be saying, 'Abigail, Abigail, continue, continue; Abigail, Abigail, try, try!'" Ah! if every Montague husband would be as encouraging and helpful as that to his wife, family jars would be soon unknown, and the birds would sing with even greater glee. "*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.*"

It is possible that an occasional correspondence was maintained between the English and Hadley Montagues. There was communication, at least in the early part of the last century, between Richard's children and their kin abroad; and the fact that there is yet preserved, as I am told, an ivory-headed cane, said to have been sent from England to Peter Montague, Richard's son, in 1700, with directions that it should pass from Peter to Peter, so long as Peters should be born, is evidence that the American emigrants were not forgotten in their native land.[9]

Richard lived to see his daughters married well; and a few months before his death his youngest child, John, entered into

a union which was abundantly blessed. At last in 1681, in his sixty-seventh year, the first of our family in New England passed away.

He must have died in peace and triumph. There is wont to be no faltering, at that last hour, for men of Richard's faith. Hear these words, taken from the opening sentences of his last will and testament, written but a short time previous to his decease: "I commit my self, soul & body, into the hands of the almighty and eternal God whose I am — and into the armes of my deare Redeemer in whom I desire forever to repose and stedfastly to believe, for life, Righteousness, and Salvation; leaving my body to be interred with a comely and Christian buriall, in assured hope of a Blessed Resurrection thro the mercy of God, . . . at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The funerals of these early Puritan days were very simple. The people gathered with their pastor to express by their presence their love and respect for the departed. But no Scripture was read, no song was heard, no prayer uplifted, no eulogy pronounced. Our fathers went to the extreme in their horror at any thing that might even faintly suggest to them the Romish prayers for the dead. In barren but conscientious simplicity they laid his form in yonder graveyard, and put no stone above it. It remained for the present generation to honor our ancestor's grave with a fitting monument. Two sons of our venerable, but vigorous, and in spirit youthful, chairman, after patient research, have determined the probable location of Richard's last resting-place, and have erected over it a worthy marble tablet.[10] Abigail survived her companion thirteen years, and then, it is likely, was laid by his side.

Beginnings are always interesting and important, but it is specially gratifying when children rise up to confirm and extend their parents' labor and virtues. It is pleasant to know that Richard's sons, Peter and John, were useful and honored citizens of Hadley. Peter was thrice married. He was attractive enough to win the hand of very worthy and prominent women in the town. At twenty-eight he married the widow of John Smith, who was daughter of William Partrigg, both men of prominence and wealth. His other wives seem to have brought to him additional property and position. The women of that

day were practical, and sometimes very shrewd. In the tripartite marriage settlement between Peter and his second wife, her business sagacity secured the provision, that, in case of his decease before her, half of his and all of her property should come to her.

These happy alliances, united with Peter's native force and business ability, brought him into honored eminence in town affairs. He became one of the three wealthiest men of the village. He was one of the committee for building the new meeting-house. He was elected a selectman; and for four years he was deemed by his fellow-citizens their worthy representative to the General Court at Boston. He died without issue, in 1725.

Richard's younger son, John, though less active in town affairs than his brother, had doubtless enough to engage his attention in the care of his family. He had married but a few months before his father's death, and it was with him that his widowed mother found a home on the old homestead till her death. She was soon permitted to rejoice in grandchildren. Six were born before she followed her husband and fell on sleep, and within the ten years subsequent to her death four more were added. Three of these ten children were daughters. Each was named Hannah for her mother; but, as the first two died in infancy, there was never any confusion in the family from repetition of Christian designations. Meanwhile the Montagues had not forgotten their Wethersfield origin. One of Hannah's brothers, Richard by name, had returned to his grandfather Richard's Connecticut home; and from him are descended the Montagues who have ever since been found in Wethersfield. And there too Hannah went as Josiah Williard's bride. A surviving tradition concerning her brings vividly to mind that delusion which so disgraced some parts of Massachusetts, but from which Hadley was so largely free. It was sometimes thought that Hannah was "possessed," that she was indeed a witch. Perhaps she feigned her action in sport, or it may be she was the subject of some nervous disorder. But the story goes that when afflicted she would call on her brother Samuel for help. He would at once arm himself with a great broadsword, enter the room where Hannah was, and when his sister had pointed out the

locality of the tormenting spirits, — to him invisible, — would cut and slash for very life. And then Hannah, — the wicked tease, — noting her brother's troubled air, would say, "No, not there, but there! there! ah, there they are in that corner, grinning and chattering at your blunder!" I am not informed whether that broadsword is here to-day, or not; but of the man who is said to have brandished it, many lineal descendants are present.

Hannah's brothers, the seven sons of John, and grandsons of Richard, began with commendable enterprise to push out for themselves.

John, the eldest, remained in Hadley, and became the parent of a long line of descendants, among whom is included the accomplished scholar from whom we are to hear at a later hour.

Richard, as has been stated, went to Wethersfield, whence his grandfather had come to Hadley. The interested antiquarian may ride some four miles out from Hartford to this ancient town, and entering the graveyard behind the old church, on a rising lot, may find a stone with this inscription: "Here lies interred the body of Mr. Richard Mountague, who died Decbr. the 24th, 1751, in the 62d year of his age." By his side lies the body of Abigail his wife, the second Richard and the second Abigail. Near by are buried many Montagues, including one captain, who probably served in the Revolutionary war. There are Montagues still living in the town.[11]

Peter, the third of these sons of John, settled in what is now South Hadley, prospered, and became the progenitor of some here present, whose features, no doubt, confirm the history of their origin.

William lived not far from him, and is the ancestor of the Rev. William Montague mentioned by Hugh Peters, and of this worthy clergyman's son (the venerable antiquarian already named[12]), and also of a numerous succession of recent graduates of Harvard University.

The sixth brother (passing over for a moment the fifth) was Luke, who also settled in South Hadley with Peter and William. It is said that Luke was a very small babe; so small, indeed, that after his birth his father put him in a silver tankard that had been handed down from the first Richard, who

brought it from England. This tankard passed into the possession of Luke's brother William, and by one of his descendants was sold to a Boston silversmith for three sets of gold beads. Some of these beads are, I am informed, now in the possession of a Brooklyn lady: perhaps they are here to-day. It must not be supposed that Luke, because diminutive in infancy, was wanting in stature or strength in later years. On the contrary (so genial tradition says), when, in haying-time, the heavy load was stuck fast in the muddy hollow from which the sturdy oxen could not be urged to start the wheels, Luke unyoked the cattle, seized the pole himself, and brought cart and hay to dry and level ground! With him should be named an accomplished kinswoman of this generation, who, though at birth she but tipped the scale at twelve ounces, is now the matron of a numerous and weighty household.

These three brothers who removed to South Hadley were prosperous farmers. Their children settled in neighboring towns or about the homesteads. Later descendants moved to other States, and the name of our family was soon widely spreading.

Nathaniel, the seventh brother, remained, as did John, in Hadley. He lived on the old homestead on which his father John had dwelt. The original lot of eight acres was divided as early as Richard's death. Upon the southern half of it Richard's grandson John, about the year 1705–10, built a new house, which is still standing. This half has passed into other hands; but it is a matter of great satisfaction, as our chairman has pointed out, that the four acres on which Richard built his first cabin, and subsequent dwelling-house, where Abigail his wife died, passed from Nathaniel his grandson to that Nathaniel's son of the same name, and thus on in lineal descent to the two ladies who now hold the title-deeds to the land. As we may drink to-day from the old well on the Montague homestead, let us not forget the health of these our loyal kinswomen. Should they ever feel compelled to part with the estate, let a Montague, or a "Montague Association," purchase it to be held by some one of the name *in perpetuo*.[13]

Nathaniel was a much-respected citizen, was chosen deacon of Hadley church, and left a fragrant memory. His descend-

ants to-day are scattered east and west, and are doing honor to their worthy ancestor.

But the most prominent of Richard's seven grandsons was probably Samuel, who was born in 1695, and died in 1779. He was the first settler of the name in Sunderland, having received from his uncle Peter one of the original home-lots of the town. On this lot Samuel and his successors built their dwelling-houses; and it is interesting to know that, save for a period of about ten years, the original homestead has always been in the possession of some of Samuel Montague's descendants. His great-great-granddaughter is the present occupant.

Samuel Montague was a man conspicuous in the life of the town. He was a selectman, a captain, a deacon, "a wise and good man." It is a traditional saying of his in his later years, that, when he lay down at night, he was content to awake in this world or the next. Deacon Samuel, like most of our ancestors, was blessed with a large family of children. But of his nine sons only four perpetuated his name. Of these four, one removed to Vermont, becoming the head of a numerous and now widely scattered progeny. Two others remained in Sunderland; and from the fourth, Major Richard Montague, many of us count a proud descent. With the death of Daniel, the third of Deacon Samuel's sons, in 1814, was closed the life of the fourth generation of New England Montagues.

It is worth our while, for it may relieve your weariness, if we pause for a moment to recall the events which these four generations have witnessed. The Puritans had come to America for liberty of conscience and religious peace; but they soon discovered enough to show them that on no shore but that of eternity may men hope to think and act alike in religious matters. Boston and Salem had their disputes. Hartford and Wethersfield were divided by ecclesiastical controversy. Hadley herself was early disturbed by the same views that had sent her proprietors to her quiet interval. Nor was life any idle amusement in those early days. There was plenty of land in this rich alluvial valley ready for the plough; but the grain must be sown and harvested, the farm-buildings must be erected, the institutions of a new community were to be established.

It is true that Hadley never suffered so much as some towns

from Indian attacks, yet for many years her position must have been one of great anxiety; nor was she without experience of most romantic incidents.[14] The French and Indian wars were a constant drain upon sympathy and men and substance. Before Deacon Samuel's death the Revolution was crowned with success, and his boys had shared in its glory; and when Daniel his son, the last of the fourth generation, passed away, the "war of 1812" was nearly ended.

Meanwhile Hadley was doing her work in all the sacrifices connected with these trying days. She was growing, too, and colonizing. One after another, Hatfield, South Hadley, Granby, Sunderland, Leverett, Montague, Amherst, were incorporated; and in all these towns Montagues were early found. Research exhibits their patriotism, religion, and industry. As farmers, they increased in wealth, in position, and respect. As soldiers, they cheerfully gave time and life for country. They were sent as representatives to various deliberative bodies. Of Deacon Samuel's sons, for example, one was slain at the early age of eighteen, in what was probably the siege of Fort William Henry, one hundred and twenty-five years ago this very day; another was a captain of the Massachusetts militia, and served during a great part of the Revolutionary war; and of a third martial son, Major Richard, I shall yet have much to say. These are representatives merely, mentioned only because of my own more intimate knowledge of their career. Others of our name, and of different branches, were doubtless equally ready and brave.

It were a pleasant service, could I sketch for you the character and career of many of our kin in this fourth generation. I would gladly talk on, so long as you might consent to listen, concerning the great-grandchildren of Richard the first, — the sons and daughters of John and Richard and Peter and William and Samuel and Hannah and Luke and Nathaniel, who were all the children of John, who was the son of Richard and Abigail Montague of Hadley. But the limits of the hour prevent: the sun would go down ere the tale were told, and not a word would we have heard of our ancestry in England. And the limits of my knowledge must henceforth somewhat restrict me. My investigations were necessarily so recently undertaken that I count myself but a beginner in our family lore.

If I select a single representative of that generation, whom I count great-grandfather, even as he was great-grandson to Richard of Hadley, I trust the selection will not seem invidious, or the sketch be interesting to but a few. Major Richard Montague of Leverett, the son of Deacon Samuel Montague of Sunderland, was a representative man. The distinctive characteristics of our family are, I think, found at their best in him. The genial clerk of the Berkshire Courts,[15] himself a kinsman, has termed the major "the plumed knight" of our name. He was born in Sunderland in 1729, and in his twenty-first year married Lucy Cooley of the same town. He was a farmer, and, as later tax-lists show, the owner, like his father and brothers, of a considerable estate. His exceptional intelligence, however, fitted him for the instruction of youth. How long he taught, I cannot say; but in his twenty-fifth, as also in his thirty-fifth year, he was master of the town school. For several years also he was town-clerk; and his records, if like MSS. in my own possession, are even to-day as fresh and clear as print. Richard's home was in the northern part of the town, subsequently formed into the towns of Leverett and Montague.[16]

It is as a religious man that he first strikes our attention; and some of us, perhaps, have inherited convictions of his framing. His brother Samuel, who removed to Vermont, had become dissatisfied with the theory and practice of the Standing Order, and, about 1753, was excommunicated from the Sunderland church for his connection with the "Separatists." These were a new sect, whose whole theory was opposed to a theocracy. They objected to the union of Church and State, and to general taxation for church support. They could not accept certain articles, nor practise some ordinances, of the Standing Order. What influences operated on Richard's mind, we cannot say. He was always a man of strong and independent convictions and we may be assured that he acted conscientiously and for his light intelligently. He was one of thirteen original members of the Baptist church of Montague and Leverett. As he was the strongest character of the little band, he was their natural leader. The church often met at his house, and their first pastor was ordained in his barn. But they were often without a preacher; and Richard who was leader, clerk, dea-

con, and man of affairs, would frequently exhort in a preacher's stead. The church and her teachings were much on his heart. We can scarcely appreciate, in these days of broad charity, the contempt with which this dissenting movement was viewed. Though laws had been passed exempting such separatists from paying taxes to support public worship, the Leverett church was unable, by reason of technical evasions, to obtain her rights. Richard refused to pay, was carried to prison by the constable, released the coming morning, and mulcted of a fine hog. Tradition says, that, as the officer drove the animal away, his owner said, "Your claim to that animal *may* be good, for your master took posssession of many such years ago in Gadara."

In a little account of those trying days, dated May 5, 1771, which I hold in my hand, occur some touching expressions of the good man's disappointment at the decisions of the court. He felt that the case was not tried, as it had been agreed by both parties that it should be, on the merits of the case, but on technicalities; and he relates a dream which he had, as if it illustrated the relations of the parties. "I dreamed," he says, "that I was wandering about in the woods (very much affecting solitude, in the present gloomy apprehension of my mind), when I saw something passing very swiftly through the trees, which drew my attention to see what it was. As it came nigher I perceived it to be a hawk after a dove. As she sat there fixing her tattered garment as best she could, there came another dove, and alighted by her; very quick two or three more, till there was a little flock. She at first seemed a little ashamed, but no ways afraid; but gladness was very expressive in her actions. The attention of the whole flock seemed to be taken up about her. They owned her as one of them. They seemed to congratulate her on her escaping from the barbarous cruelty of the hawk. The greatest expressions of joy were in their actions and chatterings to each other; and, at the signs of rejoicing they were capable of, the poor afflicted, innocent dove seemed to forget her poverty, and remember her misery no more. My soul rejoiced with them, as I thought. I felt glad at their liberty and safety. The hawk had done his utmost, had only spoiled her external clothing, — which I thought would

grow again, — which did him no good; while I beheld him hunting among the feathers, as he struck them off, to see if there was nothing to satisfy his appetite; but the blood he was after, he did not find. The more I thought, the more I was surprised at the scene. . . . Not able was he to draw one drop of blood. Another thing I observed was that the hawk was carrying off a little king-bird in his mouth; which I thought I never saw before, hawks always carrying their prey in their talons or claws." In the midst of this, Richard awoke, with "heart glad at the escape of the poor innocent dove;" and determined to add his dream to his account of the Baptist lawsuit. Whatever else may be said, it is a sign of a poetic mind, that it could, even in dream, thus represent the trials of a harassed church.[17] As indicative of the slow healing of this ancient ecclesiastical breach, a correspondent writes me that his grandfather, of Puritan views, "good man as he was, always felt a little 'edgeways' towards those Leverett Montagues."

But it is as soldier, quite as much as saint, that Major Montague is conspicuous. Years before the events just narrated, he was in army-life. His powder-horn, an interesting relic, was made while he was a private soldier, a member of Rogers's expedition to St. Francis; and was finished, as the inscription shows, at Charlestown, N.H., where the expedition halted and encamped a short time on retreat from Canada in 1759. The engraving on the horn was executed with the penknife. The horn was worn by the worker of it, or other members of the family, in the battle of Bunker Hill, and in the other principal battles of the northern division of the Revolutionary army. The strap, which you see attached, is the identical one worn with the horn.

In his younger days Richard was a loyal subject of Great Britain, and always prayed for the king; but soon after his return from the unfortunate expedition of Rogers he began to entertain doubts about the "divine rights" of kings. His prayers for the sovereign were less fervent, or were equivocal; as that he might be a better man, and do more justly towards the colonies. His eyes and ears were open. When the news of Concord and Lexington reached Western Massachusetts, he renounced all allegiance to the crown, and became a zealous patriot for the

independence of his country. Marching at the head of a company which he had raised chiefly from his own spiritual flock and friends, and saying to his wife as he left home, that, "if the Lord would forgive him for fighting seven years for the king, he would fight against him the rest of his life," he joined the patriot army then gathered at Cambridge under command of Washington, and fought at the head of his men in the battle of Bunker Hill. Gen. Washington soon discovered in him traits of character that made him desire to have him near his person; and so added more men to his command, raised him to the rank of major, and attached him, it is said, to his staff. A diary, still perfect from Aug. 1 to Dec. 1, 1775, was kept by the major while at Cambridge, and is filled with interesting military detail. Major Montague was often sent to Western Massachusetts as a recruiting officer; and the people were wont "to mark his fine martial bearing, how well he managed his men, and how elegantly he rode his horse."[18]

A story is told illustrating both his force and tenderness. The Hessians were regarded by the country-people as the very incarnation of evil, and women and children expected them to be more savage and cruel even than Indians. "Major Montague," said one good mother in Israel to her guest, "Major Montague, don't you think it cruel in King George to send those awful Hessians to pillage and murder us?" — "Hessians!" the major answered, "I don't care whom he sends, if he doesn't send *angels or devils, something that we can't kill with powder or ball.*" The good woman was shocked at what she judged so irreverent and harsh a speech; and not until that evening, when the major led the family devotions, and poured out his soul in touching entreaties for all classes of men, did she learn that beneath a rough exterior there dwelt the sympathy and tenderness of a woman.

It is nearly ninety years since Major Montague died, but his name is still much revered among the churches of his faith in Leverett and the adjoining towns. An anonymous elegy on the death of Major Richard Montague, printed in 1794, — the year of his death, — contains this quaint summary of his virtues: —

"He was a man of *faith*, and *works* also;
He was a man of *candour*, all do know;
He was a man of *reason*, and of *wit*,
And such a friend we never should forget.

He loved the cause of Christ above his own,
And has thereto most bountifully sown;
He loved his country, and has served it well,
In which he suffered what no tongue can tell.

He was a man of no great affectation,
Yet could demean himself in any station;
Was never churlish, sour, morose, or light,
Yet cheerful, brave, courageous, & polite.

Of learning he'd more than a common part,
And to indite and write he had good art;
As a mechanic we may him applaud,[19]
Nor idle when at home, nor when abroad.

In healing breaches he had much to do;
In matters civil and religious too;
He took great pains all parties to unite,
And in good union he had great delight.

Now he is gone where discords never rise,
And tears are wiped off from all their eyes;
There rest my friend, and praise the one in three,
Where all thy friends in Christ will follow thee."

We can applaud the loyalty of the elegist's friendship, and thank him for his discriminating eulogy, even if we cannot admire the poetic quality of his verse. In fact, the village rhymists of that day will hardly maintain a permanent place among American poets. On the tombstone of Major Montague at North Leverett may be found, for instance, these lines: —

"Traveller, behold, as you pass by:
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must you be:
Prepare for death, and follow me."

Too long already have I detained you with an account of Major Richard; but I cannot dismiss him without adding, that, were he living he would wish to participate in this gathering's

festivities. A letter of his dated March 13, 1789, tells of his own researches at Hadley into the history of his family. He was disappointed that he could learn so little from his visit. Ancient papers, and utensils, brought from England, he did indeed find. He saw the house in which Richard the first lived. He traced the pedigree of his family; but Richard's grave was unmarked by any stone, and valuable papers that he hoped to find had been destroyed.

The hour permits little further notice of the departed ones of our name. But after tracing thus imperfectly the work of our fathers in New England, it is gratifying to remember that their sons who have settled in the great West have honored by their own fresh triumphs a laborious and devout ancestry. Luman Montague, of Vermont stock, was an honored pioneer in Northern Illinois, even as was the first Richard in ancient Hadley. Daniel Montague, for many years a citizen of Texas, seems to have re-exhibited in a marked degree the peculiar traits of Major Richard of Leverett. And within ten years have passed to their reward two brothers born in West Hampton, — Rev. Melzar and Rev. Enos J. Montague, whose memories will long survive in their native town, and in Wisconsin, the seat of their chief labors. Firm and devout, learned and enterprising, loving toil and seeking it, able in pulpit and in counsel, they left an impression for good on the religious and educational institutions of their State, which will endure long after all of us shall be called with them to render up the account of our stewardship.

Liberally educated men have not been numerous in our family. With the exception of a few living kinsmen; of Rev. William Montague, rector in Boston in the last century; his brother Joseph; the clergymen just referred to; and the lamented Zebina C. Montague of Amherst, so zealous in all family lore and interests, and for so many years a patient invalid, — I have learned of no college-bred men of our name. Perhaps this day's memories will materially add to the list now given.

It is one of the special felicities of our gathering to-day, that it has shared in the warm interest of many who do not look to Richard of Hadley as their progenitor. It will be

remembered that records and traditions declare that Peter Montague, brother of Richard, came to America at about the same time with Richard. We are fortunate in having with us descendants of this Virginian Peter, and at a later hour may listen to their voices.

I have been unable to learn as much as we could wish relative to Peter and his successors.[20] In the twenty years preceding Richard's removal to Hadley, during which period perhaps both brothers had been in the country, Peter had become an extensive land-holder in several Virginia counties, chiefly along the Rappahannock River. His residence seems to have been in Lancaster County, north of the river; and, as late as 1849 at least, his tombstone was standing, though much defaced. Of Peter's position I learn little additional, save that he was twice a member of the House of Burgesses of his adopted State. His descendants, however, multiplied in numbers and influence. We find them, not of course like their Northern kinsmen deacons and elders, but wardens and vestrymen and rectors. Strange to say, they link in with Major Richard, in that many of them became Baptists.

Their names appear on the rolls of conventions, and in the learned professions. They are prominent in public councils; and one is made lieutenant-general of Virginia, and judge of the circuit court. They are lieutenants, captains, and generals; not always seeing with the same eyes as their Northern brethren, but high-minded and conscientious in their political and military relations. Curiously enough, contemporaneous with Major Richard of Leverett, appears a Virginia Richard as an officer in the Revolutionary army. If the Virginia Richard and the Massachusetts Richard ever met, they would have been sure to compare genealogies. Were they informed of what is known to us, it would have been a satisfaction to them to tell their honored commander-in-chief, Gen. Washington, that he was a distant kinsman of theirs; for old inscriptions prove the intermarriage of the Montagues with the Balls, from whom, on his mother's side, Washington descended.

Good friends and kinsfolk, it is a long, I fear it has been at times a tedious path, through which I have sought to lead you to the present hour. At this point the chronicler might well

drop his pen, and relieve your indulgent patience. For of the living, — a few of the sixth, and many of the seventh and eighth generations, — this is not the hour to speak. They are now making our further family history. It is some Montague of the future whose happy privilege it will be to record their achievements. Up and down this fair land, from Vermont to Florida, from Maryland to California, the successors of Richard and Peter are writing their names on sand, or carving them in stone. As farmers and men of business for the most part; as gallant officers of our army; as lawyers, physicians, clergymen, a few of them, — they are, let us hope, seeking to leave the world wiser and better than they found it.

Yet I cannot take my seat without turning yet again to the past, and giving my thought for a moment to the present. What if by some magic art we could summon the first Richard to this scene! What if we could see him as he used to look in Hadley street or in Hadley church! What if he could express his astonishment at this, the abundant fruit of his loins! Would it not be to him an inexpressible joy? Would he not say, "Thanks be unto the Lord, that thus my name and soul go marching on"?

I can fancy a lad of this village born blind. But in his early manhood some wonder-worker visits his town and home, and wins the confidence of him whose eyes are closed. He leads him, all unconscious of their beauty, about these noble streets. In their wanderings one morning, ere the sun has risen, they have ascended yonder mountain, "the gem of Massachusetts hills," your noble Holyoke. Just as the faint peep of dawn reddens the eastern sky, the strange good friend begins by his wondrous power to open the blinded eyes. A dim sense of light, a confused perception of neighboring objects, an ill-defined delight, are the first surprise. Then eastward, black against the hidden sun, rises Wachusett among a crowd of hills. Turning to the south, the city of Pynchon's founding, the graceful curves of the broad Connecticut just beginning to sparkle in the morning brightness, the many villages of the valley, the distant spires of Hartford, break upon the view. And slowly, as they turn toward the north, glimpses of the valley of Westfield River, the high hills of Hampshire and Berkshire, succes-

sively appear; until, spread out like a rich mosaic of nature's furnishing and man's arranging, the countless acres of garden-like meadows, Northampton above them, and "in dim and misty grandeur" Greylock many miles away, thrill the soul with unique delight, — a delight only to be increased as the eyes fall upon fair Hadley and her "plaided meadows," Amherst and her college, and far in the north-east "in insulated grandeur" the cloud-capped Monadnock. I can fancy this, — Richard's boys were enterprising lads, and they may have looked upon nature's part of this scene, — but can we imagine the *surprise*, can we picture the *delight*, can we realize the *hope*, which would fill the soul of him who should thus first be introduced to the attractions of this valley, and the wider area of God's marvellous creation? Little suspicion could he whose eyes were blinded have had of the glorious things, the varied creations, the strange processes, just unfolded to his gaze.

Not altogether different, perchance, would be the emotions of the first Richard and Abigail, could we wake them from the silence of yonder grave, lift the scales from off their eyes, and bid them look upon this tree of their planting. Northward among the green hills of Vermont it has dropped goodly fruit from its loaded boughs. Eastward and southward it has spread its graceful branches. And across the broad prairies to the farthest sea, over the streets of the city of "the Golden Gate," has extended its refreshing shadow. The mustard-seed has become indeed a goodly tree in which the fowls of the air may make their resting-places.

Surprise at this his undreamed-of increase, gratitude at this an honorable succession, would surely fill our ancestor's soul. But, plain man that he was, few and simple as his words were wont to be, must we not believe that the inspiration of the sight would call from his lips the words: —

"Children many, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, remember the God who thus has led you, and the institutions through which you thus have thrived. *Aspice ad finem.* Live in time, but for eternity. Look well to the end. *Disponendo me, non mutando me.* Though men displace, let no man change you from the piety, the sobriety, the clear judgment and priceless integrity, which are your rich inheritance. And

as to-day you remember the worthy men of old, think not alone of those who were men of mark, but give a grateful thought as well to the humble men and women without whose labors and support their greater kinsmen could ill have performed their tasks. Take to your hearts the sweet words of Hampshire's poet, read, perchance, to some of you more than twenty years ago: —

'Children of the old plantation,
Heirs of all we won and held,
Give us grateful celebration, —
Us, the nameless ones of eld.

Blood of ours is on the meadow,
Dust of ours is in the soil;
But no tablet casts a shadow
Where we slumber from our toil.

Unremembered, unrecorded,
We are sleeping side by side;
And to names is now awarded
That for which the nameless died.

We were men of humble station,
We were women pure and true;
And we served our generation,
Wrought and fought and lived for you.

We were maidens, we were lovers,
We were husbands, we were wives;
But oblivion's mantle covers
All the sweetness of our lives.

We were freemen, we were neighbors,
Each the minister of all;
And ye enter on our labors
As on theirs whose names ye call.

Children of the old plantation,
Heirs of all we won and held,
Greet us in your celebration, —
Us, the nameless ones of eld.'

Children, the pride of Abigail's heart and mine, standing by my well to-day, do you one and all as the poet bids, —

'Fill to all the brave and blameless,
Who forgotten passed away;
Drink the memory of the nameless,
Only named in heaven to-day.' "[21]

A poem written by Mrs. Thomas C. Merwin of Newark, N.J., was next read by her brother, the Hon. C. W. Kingsley of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Kingsley said, —

This poem is founded on facts connected with Hadley and the Montague homestead. And, while some of the customs and events of seventy-five years ago are introduced, it will also explain how the family to which the writer belonged came to be connected with the Montagues, and thus came to be here.

Our father was Moses Kingsley of Chesterfield, who married for his second wife Mary Montague of Hadley, and then removed to Brighton, now part of Boston. She was sister to Stephen Montague, who, with his wife Grace and brother Elijah, at that time lived on the old Montague homestead.

Hadley was for many years the headquarters of the broom-making business of New England, and the beautiful meadows around here were largely devoted to raising broom-corn. The brooms were made, and sent to Boston and other large places on teams.

It was the custom of those days to keep Saturday night. That is, the Sabbath began at sunset on Saturday; all work ceased, and the devotional services of Sunday began. The Sabbath ended at sunset on Sunday; after which the children could go out to play, the young people go to singing-school, etc., and the older ones prepare for the secular work of the coming day.

A very common way of travelling then was on horseback. The women often rode to church, to store, and visiting, behind the men, on a pillion, which was a cushion behind the saddle. Sometimes a mother with one or more children would thus ride behind, or a young man take out his lady-love for an airing.

An important part of a wedding outfit for housekeeping then was a set of pewter plates, basins, platter, etc., which were considered very fine.

MRS. MERWIN'S POEM.

I trow he was a godly man, —
  Richard, who crossed the sea:
From only one whom God hath blessed,
  Such progeny could be.

From where the Golden City stands,
  To Massachusetts Bay,
Was heard the clarion, as it rang:
  "Children, come home to-day!"

And ye are here from marts of trade,
  From study, and from school,
From farm and workshop, hill and vale,
  Till all the ranks are full.

And do ye ask why *I* here come,
  From Jersey's sea-girt shore?
'Tis *filial love* that brings me here:
  'Tis this, and nothing more.

My mother walked these quiet streets,
  Beneath these trees she played;
Here the baptismal words were said,
  And wedding vows were made.

'Tis only now a simple tale
  Of the old house I tell, —
The homestead where the Montagues
  For centuries did dwell.

One Landlord Warner kept an inn,
  South end of Hadley Street,
Where strangers stopped from time to time
  To rest and then to eat.

The landlord's wife grew sick and died,
  Was in the graveyard laid:
So neighbors went, day after day,
  To give him helping aid.

One day when *Mary* poured the tea,
He spoke a kindly word:
A lonely traveller heard it all,
And his sad heart was stirred.

Two children he had left at home,
In their grandmother's care:
"Perhaps," he thought, "she'll go with me,
And all my fortunes share."

Ere long he sought that maiden bright
At the ancestral place:
Stephen and 'Lijah lived there too,
And Stephen's young wife Grace.

That stricken heart with joy was filled,
When Mary answered "Yes:"
The vow exchanged they ratified,
And sealed it with a kiss.

Of linen sheets and towels fine,
This maiden had a store;
But Grace to Mary kindly said,
"Polly, you must have more;

For those two little ones will take
Your strength and constant care,
And then you'll have to bake and brew,
With not an hour to spare.

Each day you'll have to cook for four,
And scour the pewter too:
Such dishes never will keep clean,
Though now they're bright and new.

Once every week you'll have to wash,
To iron and to mend;
And neither child is old enough
A helping hand to lend.

Then twice a week you'll have to churn,
Besides the milk to skim:
I'm sure you'll have no chance to weave,
Nor hardly time to spin.

If neighbor 'Diah' goes next fall
To Boston with his brooms,
I'll send a letter, and a strip
Of carpet for your rooms.

I've heard him say he always stops
At the 'Green Dragon Inn;'
But once, I'm sure, he'll stop with you,
We have such good friends been.

I don't know *what* the sick will do,
When you are gone away;
For 'tisn't half the world that know
Just what to do or say.

I'll not forget when I was sick, —
And Stephen, he was worse, —
The doctor said, what saved our lives
Was having such a nurse.

When summer comes, you'll want to see
The meadows waving corn:
You never once have missed the sight,
A year, since you were born.

A hundred miles is very far
For you to go from here:
I don't suppose you'll come again
For many a long, long year.

Saturday nights I hope you'll keep,
Just as we always do;
And not be led away from right,
Because some things are new.

You know how strict your mother was
About the Sabbath day:
Were she alive, 'twould break her heart
To have you go astray.

Perhaps you think I've said enough:
I'll stop, and go to work;
I shall not let *you* do it all —
I never was a shirk."

So now the little wheel was brought;
The flax was quickly spun;
Across the loom the shuttle flew:
'Twas then this work was done.[22]

And can you see where gentle Grace
Marked the "M. M." just here?
So wrought that day undying love:
Methinks she dropped a tear.

Then, when there was no more to weave,
They had a quilting-bee:
The Cooks, the Whites, and Smiths were there,
And quilted merrily.

But soon the short daylight was gone,
Before the work was done;
And so the candles were brought in
To make an evening sun.

Out in the kitchen fireplace,
The blazing knots burned bright;
The table groaned beneath a feast,
For it was quilting night.

Brown bread and hot baked beans were there,
The white bread and the rye,
The pound-cake and the "'lection"-cake,
Besides three kinds of pie.

And after supper came the boys,
And they had supper too;
Meanwhile they talked and laughed and joked,
As young folks always do.

But when the front-room clock struck *nine*,
They all prepared to go;
The air out-doors was clear and cold,
And on the mountains snow.

The girls who on the same street lived
Could *walk* beside a lover;
But those who farther had to go,
Rode home behind a — brother.

After a few more weeks had passed,
'Twas just as had been said:
A Kingsley was the bridegroom then,
A Montague he wed.

Forth from the homestead went the bride
In simple garb that day:
No silks, no satins, were her gowns,
She had no polonaise.

She wore a homespun shawl of blue
Over her scarlet cloak;[23]
And, as she said "good-by" to home,
The words were faintly spoke.

A chosen path before her lay,
Her morning sun shone bright;
Yet, as she thought of all she left,
The tears bedimmed her sight.

In that old house her father died, —
The house where he was born;
In that old house her mother slept,
When Jesus came at dawn.

Five generations there had lived,
Five generations died;
And every one had borne the name
That now is sanctified.

Through all the long and busy years
That rounded out her life,
Midst all the cares and joys and griefs
That follow wedded life, —

A brightness shone above this vale;
Her heart was always true:
She loved this town, her childhood's home,
The dear old homestead too.

And in the days of widowhood
She longed to come back here:
Hadley seemed "*all the world*" to her;
No friends seemed half so dear.

But *sweeter than her childhood's* home
She found that Father's love,
That gently led her through death's vale
To a brighter home above.

O ye dear kindred from afar,
Beats not your heart with mine?
Is not this "*home of the heart*" to me?
Is it not also thine?

We clasp no stranger's hand to-day, —
One by a common tie;
And, when we part, we will not say
That saddest word, "*Good-by.*"

This surely is not all of life,
Where homesteads must decay;
For *God* and *truth* and *love* will live
When *earth* has passed away.

An unseen host surround us here,
Who once have trod these streets;
Their memories and their virtues live
In these loved friends we meet.

O Richard, how we bless the time
When factions drove thee here!
We hail the day with solemn joy,
And each return with cheer.

Thy father fell at Naseby field;[24]
But left his sword to thee,
To fight for *right* and *justice* too, —
For *truth* and *liberty.*

We thank our God, that helped thee lay
Foundations deep and strong,
Which centuries have not displaced, —
"No compromise with wrong."

Thy children have, like "polished stones,"
Each filled a fitting place:
From highest unto lowest, *none*
Have brought to thee disgrace.

While some in humblest spheres have moved,
Some filled a teacher's chair,
And some to sacred trusts been called,
They're honored everywhere.

The golden dust that was not theirs
Has passed through many a hand:
With *palms unsoiled* they still work on,
Well known through all the land.

Thy sons who on the watch-tower stand,
The gospel trump to sound,
Send forth the notes, both loud and clear,
To earth's remotest bound.

And hark! from Afric's far-off shore
A pæan comes to-day, —
"One of thy children came out here,
To teach us how to pray."[25]

The name we love has never been
Within a felon's cell,
Only as one in Jesus' name
Went there of Christ to tell.[26]

My story now is well-nigh told:
Let us in brief review
And trace the way our father came,
Which brought this day to you.

Now come with me to yonder height,
And look across the wave,
To where the white caps of the sea
The coast of Albion lave.

An English cottage home, the view;
Distress the land is o'er;
A mother weeps, a father prays;
A boat is off the shore.

Now turn the glass: behold, they stand
Beneath this mountain's shade;
So sweet the rest from din of war,
A home for love is made.

Two hundred years have come and gone,
The family still live:
Let this assembled multitude
To God the glory give.

"*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;*
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host, —
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

At the request of the reader, the concluding lines were sung with hearty spirit by the entire audience.

After several announcements pertaining to later exercises, and other matters of interest, the morning session closed.

Immediately after the morning exercises, a portion of the audience gathered in front of the church, and the "Montague Family" was very successfully photographed.[27]

At one o'clock more than three hundred were seated in Hadley Town Hall for dinner. The repast was served in accordance with a printed bill-of-fare, on which were found in tasteful arrangement a family motto and coat-of-arms, several of "Poor Richard's" proverbs, and (by no means least fitting or convenient) a railroad time-table. Though beverages in plenty were supplied, they were all as harmless as the "cold water from the Richard Montague well." The hall was appropriately decorated with evergreens, banners, and legends. Among the mottoes that greeted the eye were, "Hadley welcomes her children home;" "We are all one family to-day: don't wait for introductions;" "Spectemur agendo;" "Disponendo me, non mutando me."

In the brief interval between dinner and the afternoon session, many old friendships were revived, and new acquaintances were made. The relics and curiosities of former generations deposited in the lecture-room of the church were examined with attentive interest, and old and young placed their signatures upon the "Book of Registry" provided for the purpose. Pictures of Richard of Hadley sold freely; and every Montague was adorned with a pretty blue-silk badge, that will serve as a memento of the day.

While some chatted on the greensward, or traced the intricacies of their genealogy, others wended their way to the old burial-ground, where the remains of the first Richard and several of his descendants now repose. Upon the monument recently erected to their ancestor's

memory by Messrs. George W. and Charles C. Montague, was read this inscription : —

ERECTED

TO THE MEMORY OF

RICHARD MONTAGUE

A PIONEER OF NEW ENGLAND

AND

ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF HADLEY.

Born about 1614, he married Abigail Downing of Norwich, Eng., and emigrated to Wells, Me., from Bourney, in parish of Burnham, Eng. In 1646 he removed to Boston, and thence, in 1651, to Wethersfield, Conn. In 1659 or 1660 he removed to Hadley, where he died Dec. 14, 1681.

To perpetuate the memory of the founder of our name in New England, this stone is erected by two of his descendants in August, 1881.

GEO. WM. MONTAGUE.
CHAS. C. MONTAGUE.

The graves of other Montagues were designated by flags ; and that of Lieut. John Montague, a Revolutionary officer, received special honor.

From the cemetery some crossed to the old Montague homestead, which was decorated with flags and emblazonments. The site of Richard's house, built probably not long after 1660, and taken down in 1831 ; the old well dug in Richard's time, probably in 1660, the water from which has been in continual use since that period, and was drunk by many visitors of the day ; the old house, yet complete, built by Richard's grandson John in 1705–1710, and repaired and enlarged by John's grandson Ephraim in 1826, — were all examined with reverent and in some instances jubilant satisfaction.

AFTERNOON.

At 2.30 P.M. the church was again well filled. After a pleasing selection by the orchestra, the Chairman read the following telegram, just received from Kalamazoo, Mich. : —

TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MONTAGUE GATHERING.

A hearty greeting to all. Though absent in body, yet present in spirit. May the Lord bless you, and increase the descendants of Richard and Abigail a hundred-fold, and make them mighty on the earth as defenders of liberty and right, the friends of God and man!

H. MONTAGUE AND FAMILY.

Mr. George William Montague of New York City read a poem written by Mrs. F. G. Linnell of Norwich, Conn.

MRS. LINNELL'S POEM.

When news of this gathering was sent me, requesting
That I would add something, if only a trifle,
To fill out the banquet, my Muse stood aghast:
It seemed altogether beyond her endeavor,
To serve aught that was meet for occasion so regal.
But a voice whispered low, "Who ever knew Montague
True, to fail in the effort, whate'er the task set him?"
So I banished my fears, and turned me to know
What old time had to show of the Montague story.
And my heart beat with pride, as I marked on its pages
Name after name, renowned through all ages
For courage and eloquence, learning and wisdom,
And all that exalts and ennobles a nation;
The warrior, the statesman, the patriot, the martyr,
The poet, the writer, benefactor and traveller,
And no one knows what all, — crowned with all titles

Kings, queens, and protector delighted to lavish.
My spirit was stirred, and I could not refrain
From adding one strain, howe'er feeble and faint,
To the song of rejoicing, ascending this day from
All hearts, met here to pay homage profound,
To our ancestors noble, and greetings fraternal
To kith and to kin, howe'er near or remote,
Who this day can say, "I too am a proud Montague."
For surely no name in all the fair annals
Which history boasts can outshine this of ours,
With its long lists of titles, so worthily borne.
There were Edwards, with dukedoms and earldoms;
There were Johns, there were Charleses, there were Roberts and Berties;
There were Richards and Georges, and plenty of others
(A score if not more) with high-sounding titles, —
Chief-justice, lord-chancellor, captain-general, proprietor;
With Elizabeths and Marys, and plenty of ladies
As famed as their lords for poetry, travel,
Wit, song, and beauty, and, what is far better,
For deeds such as woman, true woman, must ever
Consider her highest, her one great distinction, —
To seek out the lowly, the sad, and the suffering,
Fulfilling the mission the Master has left us.
I wish there were time for some of the stories
I found, of these wonderful Montague geniuses,
Of their goodness and wisdom, their wit and their skill;
But if you would know them, go read for yourselves: [28]
'Twill amply repay you; and then you will know what
An heritage royal is ours who to-day gather here.
But in vain have I sought in these pages to find
Why it was father Richard chose to leave all this glory,
And cast in his lot with those who henceforward
Must count it their duty to live lives of hardship, —
Their duty and pleasure, — thus patiently bearing
All that is needful in founding a nation.
This much, though, I did find, which may give us a clew:
There dwelt long ago, in old Norwich, a clergyman,
Downing by name, and a Puritan doubtless,
Whose fair daughter Abigail our sire successfully
Wooed; and since for good, as for ill, 'tis Eve who's responsible,

May it not be, that we here have the reason why
He should cast in his lot with those who cared most for
Their freedom of conscience, and sought in these forests
That liberty dearer than all earthly blessings?
And can we not find, in the few scanty records
Our own country's history as yet has to furnish
Of these our late ancestors, confirmation most sure
Of that law of heredity talked of so widely?
For, though no grand titles may mark our nobility,
Yet of *true* lords and ladies we sure have as many
As ever our old Mother England could boast, —
Men and women whose names will go down to posterity,
To be hailed with a pride like this which we cherish,
As we gather to-day remembering our ancestors.
On the earliest pages of our dear country's story,
We find they stood foremost, 'mongst those who were striving
To lay the foundations of that which has made us
The envy to-day of all countries and nations.
They were lovers of law, religion, and science:
They were founders of libraries, schools, and of churches:[29]
Men and women whose names were fit to take rank with
Any "ye olden time" boasts of so proudly.
All hail, then, to-day, to all Montagues present!
To our good cousin George, who has called us together
On this hallowed spot, around which there cluster
Such memories dear, of a birthright so precious.
May our gathering prove to us all an incentive
Most mighty, to aid us as we march ever onward;
That we too may stand with our kin gone before us,
So that those who, like us, shall look back through the ages,
May see with like pride, that our names have been written
With those of the faithful, the brave, and the true,
Thus swelling the list of the proud Montague!

The Chairman then introduced in a felicitous manner Professor William L. Montague, of Amherst College, who addressed the family on "The Montagues in England."

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR W. L. MONTAGUE,

ON

THE MONTAGUE FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

The student of history seeks to trace the causes of events, to mark their relations and results. In American history the earnest student is not satisfied with the knowledge of that which has transpired in the United States: he looks back to England the mother-country, and to France and Germany, and there discovers the sources of those influences which have combined to make this country and people what they are. These events of history are largely the result of the personal will of individual actors. The individual actors are connected with families: hence family history, which preserves the names and records the deeds of its individual members, has great significance both in its relations to the individual and the nation. The study of family history, therefore, may be something more than a matter of personal interest: it may have an influence on individual life and character, and even on the national life of a people. Such a study may become not only a pleasure but an inspiration. It may awaken a laudable ambition to be connected with a true and noble ancestry. It may lead to an honorable emulation in the work of life, that its results may be worthy of those who have gone before, and an incitement to those who may follow.

With something of this purpose, and with such possible results in view, we study to-day our family history. In the morning we followed the fortunes, the character, and the influence of the American branch. As these were so admirably traced back to their source in one who, two hundred and fifty years ago, was a member of the Montague family in England, we now very naturally desire to know something about other members of the family, who never left the "old home," and also of their ancestors, as far back as we may be able to trace the history. Here, however, we meet with serious difficulties. We have not the family records to consult, nor personal friends who can give us reminiscences of the past. The old home is three

thousand miles away; no history of the family has been published, and the time for gathering information has been very brief.

Moreover, in tracing the American family, we have only gone back a little more than two hundred years: in the English family we must trace the records through a period of more than eight hundred years. In America we have no distinctions of birth or rank: in England the laws of primogeniture and inheritance, and the creation of titles by letters-patent from the crown, cause distinctions of the greatest importance. History follows the fortunes of the eldest son: the younger brothers are left to their own exertions, or to the chances of life. These circumstances lead to complications of family history which are almost inextricable to any one but an expert.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, some scattered facts, that may be of interest, have been gathered for this occasion. They were drawn from numerous books and records in different libraries, from correspondence with a gentleman in London, and from a paper prepared about thirty years ago by William H. Montague of Boston. As many of these facts, obtained after much investigation, agree with the statements of this Boston antiquarian,[30] given in a paper placed in my hands a short time before the meeting, we may infer that they are essentially correct.

As we look into the history of the family we are surprised at the great number of its members. It is a large family. Pepys, in his diary of Sept. 22, 1655, has a passage from which it appears that the descendants of Sir Edward Montagu had in five generations increased to the number of four thousand; and Campbell, in his life of the chief justice, states that his descendants "must now be numbered by hundreds of thousands."

We notice also that it is an ancient family. In the old records of England the line may be traced through eight centuries back to the year 1066, and thence it passes into the early mediæval history of France. The name has been written in various forms: as De Monte Acuto, Monteacuto, Montacuto, Montacute, Montagute, Montaigut, Montaigu, Montagu, Mountagu, Mountague, Montague; but all these forms have

evidently a common origin in the Latin *de monte acuto*, meaning "of or from a sharp or pointed mountain (a mountain-peak)." There is a mountain in the Pyrenees of considerable height, called Montacuto. "In the Department of Aisne, in France, may be seen the ruins of an old feudal castle, named Montaigu, situated in a town of the same name. This castle was an important fortress in the tenth century. It was besieged and taken by Louis d'Outre-mer in 948, was twice captured by the English (once in 1375, and again in 1424), and was finally taken by Charles VI. in 1444. There was also a strong fortress of the name Montaigu, in Vendée, that was twice besieged in the uprising of 1793." There are several other places in France bearing the name Montaigu; but that from which the English family sprang was probably Montagu-les-Bois in the district of Coutances, in Normandy. Of this place one writer says, "Its ancient lords were famous in the middle ages" (LOWER: *Patronymica Britannica*). "In France there were the Lords of Montagu, Counts of Chalons and Eudes; there was Pierre Guerin de Montaigu, Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in 1208; there was Gilles Aycelin de Montaigut, Archbishop of Rouen, and the founder of the college of Montagu at Paris, which existed from 1314 till near the middle of the present century; while two brothers of the family of this archbishop attained the dignity of cardinal. (The Montagues who are familiarly associated with the Capulets, however, were of the Italian family of Montecchi.)"

The great ancestor of all the Montagues in England and America was Drogo de Monte Acuto (Montacuto),[31] one of the great warriors who took part in the Norman conquest of England in 1066. His name and arms are found on the Roll of Battle Abbey, a manuscript which contains the names and arms of the knights who came to England with William the Conqueror. The *arms* of Drogo were three *fusils* (or *lozenges*) *gules* (red, indicating animation, courage) *in fesse*, on a field *argent;*[32] and these with some modifications have been the *arms* of all the succeeding English families of Montagu. Drogo, having entered England in the train of Robert, Earl of Mortain, the half-brother of William the Conqueror, was appointed castellan (*chatelain*), governor of his castle. From the Domes-

day Book it appears that he was one of his great tenants, and held the manors of Shipton-Montacute and Sutton-Montacute in the county of Somerset. The earl built his castle and fixed his residence on one of the peaks of a fine broken ridge of lofty hills to the south and west of the parish, and named it "Montacute"[33] "from the circumstance of its situation, and in honor of Drogo de Montacute, his confidential friend and adviser in all his enterprises." From his home in this lofty castle, Drogo de Montacute could look forth on a beautiful landscape enclosed within a circle three hundred miles in extent, in which on a clear day may now be seen "the spires of eighty churches." If we can imagine a fine old mediæval castle, with its battlements and turrets, standing yonder on the summit of Holyoke, commanding this glorious view of the Connecticut Valley, we can form some idea of the home of the great patriarch of the Montague family.

While the family is ancient, its record is honorable. It is named among the few "great governing families of England." There have been "more than twenty distinct peerages where either the family name or the title has been Montagu." Its members have filled every degree of the peerage from baron to duke, and have even been connected with the royal line. Thus we find an Archbishop of Canterbury and a cardinal, Cardinal Pole; an Archbishop of York and a lord chancellor, George Nevill; a lord high admiral and lord great chamberlain, the Earl of Warwick, the "king-maker;" a lord high constable, the Duke of Montagu (at the coronation of George I.); a chief justice of England and speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Edward Montague; a lord treasurer and commissioner of the Great Seal, Sir Henry Montagu, first Earl of Manchester; a speaker of the House of Lords, Sir Edward Montague, second Earl of Manchester; a secretary of state and ambassador extraordinary to the court of France, Sir Charles Montague, the fourth Earl and the first Duke of Manchester; a chancellor of the exchequer, first lord of the treasury, and prime minister, Sir Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax; and many others who were eminent as admirals, generals, judges, bishops, and statesmen.

In tracing the history of the early descendants of Drogo de

Montacute, the records that are accessible are very incomplete.[34] I find that "his great-grandson (*temps*, Henry III.), Dru de Montacute, had two sons: (1) Dru de Montacute (whose son William had two daughters); (2) William de Montacute, who continued the male line." His son (or descendant) Simon, first Baron de Montacute, "one of the most eminent men of the time in which he lived," was summoned to Parliament in 1300. He died in 1316. His grandson William, the third Baron de Montacute, was created Earl of Salisbury by charter, in 1337.[35] He was also "crowned king of the Isle of Man."[36] He died in 1344, having had twelve children; and was succeeded by his eldest son. The second earl, Sir William Montacute,[37] was one of the heroes at the battle of Crécy, in France (1346); and, with the Earl of Suffolk, commanded the rear at the famous battle of Poitiers (1356). He was also "one of the original Knights of the Garter." On his garter-plate was found the Montagu *crest*, — a griffin's head. Previous to that time crests were seldom used, except by royalty. (The crest of the Earls of Salisbury is described as "a griffin's head, gules, between two wings;" and this was subsequently adopted by the younger branch of the family.)

Sir John de Montacute, third Earl of Salisbury (nephew of the preceding),[38] was one of the most zealous of the sect called Lollards. He was one of the supporters of Richard II. (who had been imprisoned and deposed by the partisans of Henry IV.), and engaged in a plot to seize the person of the king; but, the scheme having been betrayed, he was beheaded Jan. 5, 1400, with several other persons of distinction, and his title reverted to the crown. The earldom was afterward restored to his son Thomas, the fourth earl; but, in consequence of the attainder, the title could not revert to the heirs of the first earl.

Lady Alice Montacute, the only daughter and heiress of the fourth Earl of Salisbury, married Sir Richard Nevil(le), K.G., and became the mother of the Earl of Warwick, so famous in English history as the "king-maker." She was also the mother of John, Marquis of Montagu, and of George, Archbishop of York and Chancellor; and grandmother of Isabel, the wife of the Duke of Clarence (brother of Edward IV.), and of Anne, the wife (1) of Edward, Prince of Wales (son of Henry VI.),

and (2) of the king, Richard III. Lady Alice was also grandmother of George (son of the Marquis of Montagu), Duke of Bedford; and great-grandmother of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury (the last of the Plantagenets), the daughter of the Duke of Clarence and the mother of Cardinal Pole. Margaret was the last among the descendants of Thomas de Montacute who held the earldom of Salisbury. She lost it by attainder two years before her death, which occurred May 27, 1541.

After the extinction of the elder branch of the family, the junior branch, having gradually changed the name from Montacute to Montagu, became prominent in the person of Sir Edward Montagu (said to be "the younger brother of a younger brother"),[38b] born about the year 1500. He became the founder of the noble houses of modern times. (To them belong the earldom and dukedom of Montagu, the viscounty and marquisate of Monthermer, the earldom and dukedom of Manchester, the viscounty of Mandeville, the viscounty of Hinchinbroke and earldom of Sandwich, and the barony and earldom of Halifax and the viscounty of Sudbury.) Burke states that "Sir Edward Montagu was lineally descended from the royal blood of the Plantagenets; his immediate ancestor, Sir John Montagu, having married Margaret de Monthermer, granddaughter of Ralph de Monthermer by Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Edward I." Though belonging to the ancient race, he owed his great promotion only to his own exertions. Having chosen the legal profession, he made himself complete master of the common law, not neglecting more liberal pursuits. He became a member of the House of Commons in 1523, and made his *début* by a speech against granting a supply. But the next day he was sent for by the king, who said to him, "Ho! will they not let my bill pass?" The young patriot in a great fright knelt down; when the king, laying his hand on his head, added, "Get my bill to pass before twelve of the clock to-morrow, or else by two of the clock to-morrow this head of yours shall be off." His liberal views were thus suddenly changed, and he proved himself ever afterwards a steady courtier.

He was very popular with his associates, and on the occasion of the "call of serjeants" he gained great applause by his lib-

erality and taste, securing the favor of the king and an invitation to the palace. In 1539 he became lord chief justice of England; a position, however, of more honor than comfort to a man with a conscience under such a king as Henry VIII. Being unable either to obey the dictates of conscience, or to silence its reproaches, he subsequently secured his transfer to the office of chief justice of the common pleas, "a descent in honor, but ascent in profit." He was also appointed by the king (Henry VIII.) one of the executors of his will. He died in 1556, leaving eight sons and nine daughters, for all of whom he made ample provision.

His great-grandson Ralph, third Baron and Earl of Montagu (son of Edward, son of Edward, eldest son of the chief justice), was made Duke of Montagu by Queen Anne. He built a beautiful country-seat at Boughton,[39] very much after the model of Versailles, with a noble hall, suites of rooms and galleries, all admirably adorned with paintings and works of art. The garden contained ninety acres, with statues, urns, great basins with a variety of fountains, aviaries, reservoirs, fish-ponds, canals, wildernesses, and terraces. There was also a fine cascade, and a river running through the entire length of the garden, which was diversified most agreeably to complete the beauty.

Henry Montagu (third son of Edward, eldest son of the chief justice) also rose to great distinction through his own exertions. He was a representative of London in the first parliament of James I. (1604), and gained a high reputation as a parliamentary orator. He became very learned in the law, and gradually attained the highest honors of the land under the king. Having been recorder of London, he was appointed lord chief justice of the King's Bench (1616), afterward lord treasurer of England, then Baron of Kimbolton[40] and Viscount Mandeville, subsequently president of the council (1621), Earl of Manchester (1626), and, finally, lord of the Privy Seal. He died in 1642, in the eightieth year of his age. It is said of him that he could be "charged with no act of violence or corruption." He prided himself on his consistency, and took for his motto, which is still borne by his descendants, *Disponendo me, non mutando me* ("By disposing of me, not by changing me").

His eldest son, Edward Montagu, second Earl of Manchester (great-grandson of the first chief justice), was one of the most distinguished men who appeared in a very interesting period of English history. He was early summoned to Parliament, and in 1643 became lord commissioner of the Great Seal. He was also a successful commander of the parliamentary army, and was particularly distinguished by his victory at Marston Moor, in which engagement Cromwell was his lieutenant-general. Though at first a favorite in the popular party, he opposed the trial of the king, and never sanctioned the decree of death. He was speaker of the House of Lords when they voted for the restoration of Charles II., was "mainly instrumental" in the accomplishment of that event, and by appointment of the peers delivered an eloquent address of congratulation to the king on his return to his capital, which he concluded in these words: "Great king! give me leave to speak the confidence, as well as the desires, of the peers of England: be you the powerful defender of the true Protestant faith, the just asserter and maintainer of the laws and liberties of your subjects: so shall judgment run down like a river, and justice like a mighty stream; and God, the God of your mercy, who hath so miraculously preserved you, will establish your throne in righteousness and in peace."

Charles Montagu, the fourth earl (grandson of the preceding), was also a very prominent actor in the events of his time. Opposing the measures of James II., he espoused the cause of William of Orange, took an active part in the campaign in Ireland, was present at the battle of the Boyne, was appointed ambassador extraordinary to Venice, 1696, and to the court of France in 1699. In 1701 he was principal secretary of state, ambassador extraordinary to the court in Vienna in 1707, and in 1719 was created Duke of Manchester.[41]

There was also another Charles in this family (a great-great-grandson of the first chief justice, being the son of George, a younger half-brother of Edward, the second Earl of Manchester), who was not only distinguished in political, but also in literary life. He was a wit and a poet, a patron of literary men, a member of Parliament, chancellor of the exchequer, first lord of the treasury, member of the regency (during the

absence of the king), and in 1714 was created Earl of Halifax (by George I.), and made prime minister. He died in 1715.

We find also a third Edward Montagu (son of Sidney, the seventh son of the first chief justice), who was a distinguished general, admiral, and statesman (1625–1672). At the age of eighteen he raised a regiment for the service of Parliament, and was subsequently transferred to the navy, and appointed joint high admiral. In the disorders which followed the death of Cromwell, he inclined to the royal cause, and co-operated with Monk for the restoration of Charles II. With his fleet he conveyed the king to England, and was consequently rewarded with high honors. He was made K.G. with the titles Baron Montagu, Viscount Hinchinbroke, and Earl of Sandwich. He was also master of the Great Wardrobe, member of the Privy Council, and admiral of the Narrow Seas. To him belonged a large share of the honor of the great naval victory in which the Dutch lost their admiral and eighteen men-of-war captured and fourteen destroyed. A few months later he captured eight Dutch men-of-war, two of their best East India ships, and twenty sail of their merchantmen. Subsequently he was sent to the court of Madrid to negotiate a treaty between Spain and Portugal. On the renewal of the Dutch war, he performed such exploits in a naval engagement as could not have failed to secure a signal victory if his efforts had been properly seconded by the squadron. But a Dutch fire-ship having grappled with his vessel, and set it on fire, he jumped into the sea and was drowned. His body, however, was recovered, and by order of the king interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey. He was the great-great-grandfather of John Montagu (1718–1792), the fourth Earl of Sandwich; who was an eminent diplomatist and statesman, also secretary of state, and first lord of the admiralty, which latter office he held during the whole stormy period of the war with the American Colonies.

The brilliant Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, so celebrated for her literary attainments, her wit, beauty, and elegance, was the wife of a grandson of this Edward Montagu, the first Earl of Sandwich. When her husband, Edward Wortley (son of Sidney, second son of Edward) Montagu, went to Constantino-

ple as ambassador to the Turkish court, she accompanied him, and wrote thence to her friends those letters so remarkable for the ease and elegance of style, for the wit and vivacity in which they abounded, for the curious information which they contained, and for the universal admiration with which they were received when published. She had the courage to adopt the Turkish custom of inoculation for the small-pox, and was the principal agent of introducing the custom into England. A friend who visited her in 1761 (the year before her death) gives the following witty account of her reception: "I was very graciously received, and you may imagine entertained, by one who neither speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her *domestique* is made up of all nations; and, when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine that you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman, the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander: so that, by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of Parliament."

Another distinguished literary lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, was the wife of another Edward Montagu, also a grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich. Possessing great wealth, she opened her splendid home in almost unlimited hospitality to the literary world. There she reigned as a queen, not merely by the charm of her manners, her beauty, taste, and sparkling wit, but by her benevolence, her reverence for virtue, her purity, and elevation of mind. Among her friends were Lord Lyttelton, Lord Chatham, Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Beattie, Burke, and Reynolds. She established a literary society, known as the "Blue-stocking Club," where "learning was not disfigured by pedantry, nor good taste tinctured with affectation." It is said that to her "is wholly due the origin of the literary society of the metropolis." Her letters have been highly eulogized as models of pure English, elevating and instructive; and her able "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare" has been pronounced by Beattie "the most elegant piece of criticism in our language or in any other." Among her acts of benevolence was an annual dinner, which she used to give on May Day to

the chimney-sweepers of London. She died in 1800, in the eightieth year of her age.

It was of her adopted son Matthew Montagu, that Gen. Montagu Matthew once remarked in the House of Commons, upon some mistake in reference to their identity, that there was "no more likeness between Montagu Matthew and Matthew Montagu than between a chestnut horse and a horse-chestnut."

We must notice one other celebrity, the learned bishop, Richard Montague, who belonged to the Boveney[42] branch, and is more nearly related to the American family than any of the preceding.

There is a tradition that the Boveney branch, to which the Montagues of America belong, was connected with the families of Halifax and Sandwich; but, as all the modern peerages were created subsequent to 1621, it is evident that the relationship must be traced farther back in the family history. William Montague, the great-great-grandfather of (the American) Richard Montague (Richard was the son of Peter, the son of William, the son of Robert, the son of William, whose will was dated March 21, 1550),[42b] was a contemporary of Sir Edward Montagu, the first chief justice; but how nearly they were related has not yet been ascertained. It is probable that William Montague was descended from a younger brother of the second Earl of Salisbury, as his father had twelve children, and as the title was lost to the family by the attainder of the third earl, as before noticed. This probability is strengthened by the fact that the *arms* of the Boveney branch more closely resemble those of the Earls of Salisbury than those of any other branch. They differ from them only in having three *pellets* (or roundels, two above and one below the fusils) *sable*. The *crest* is a griffin's head, *erased* (i.e., torn off, leaving jagged and uneven edges).

The bishop, Richard Montague, was the son of Lawrence, the only brother of William Montague, the grandfather of our ancestor Richard. He was born at Dorney, Buckinghamshire (of which place his father was vicar), in 1578; was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge; became dean of Hereford in 1616; was consecrated bishop of Chichester in 1628;

and translated in 1638 to the see of Norwich, where he died, and was buried in his own cathedral, April, 1641.

Winkles, in his "Cathedrals of England," says "Richard Montague was a prelate of great erudition, the most acute and powerful controversialist of the age in which he lived." As a churchman, he opposed both Puritans and Roman Catholics. In one of his controversies, he wrote a book, "Appello Cæsarem," for which he was summoned before the House of Commons, on a charge of maintaining Arminian and popish errors; but he escaped serious difficulty through the favor of the king, who first caused the matter to be referred to the council, and afterward dissolved a Parliament before unfavorable action could be taken. His published works were numerous, including an ecclesiastical history in Latin. He was a warm supporter of the monarchy, and an advocate of the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. Though he propagated his Arminian views with great earnestness, he was called a "model of moderation and Christian charity." In him and in other members of the Boveney branch may be discovered that religious element of character, that conscientious, earnest devotion to truth and right, which has characterized, in such a remarkable degree, their American descendants.

There are many others who have held high positions in Church and State, in the army and navy; but those already named are the most prominent. They are the men and women of the family whom their contemporaries have most honored, and who have won for themselves a high place in the history of the nation. Some have possessed great wealth, others great power; some have been eminent for great learning and talent, while others have occupied a more humble place in society. Of the latter, general history takes little account. Their lives are less noted, but not necessarily of less worth. Their influence, unobserved perhaps by the historian, may have been of vital importance in forming the character of those who have filled the high places in the land. While, therefore, we point with family pride to those who have made the name illustrious during eight centuries, we would not forget that all who have honorably filled their stations, and faithfully performed their work, claim recognition and demand our respect. They have

borne their part in moulding character, upholding governments, establishing institutions, and promoting the welfare and progress of the nation. They all invite us this day to imitate their virtues, emulate their good deeds, and cherish their memory.

As citizens of a republic, we can never expect to vie with the family in England in regard to *titles* of nobility; but we may vie with them in the nobility of character, in noble deeds performed for truth and right, for God and man.

In this honorable rivalry, we trust that the Montague family in England will always find worthy competitors in their cousins of the Montague family in America.

The remainder of the afternoon was given to informal addresses from many members of the family. The remarks, more or less abbreviated in the report, were, in substance, as given in the following pages.[43]

The Chairman. — We have with us to-day a man who has been interested from his boyhood in the Montague family, — H. W. Taft, Esq., of Pittsfield.

Mr. Taft said, — "If I had been struck by lightning, I should not have been any more surprised than I was, Mr. Chairman, to hear you call my name. Certainly, sir, no Montague ever advanced to the performance of any duty, more poorly furnished and more thoroughly taken unawares, than I at the present time. Still I have so much of the Montague blood in my veins that I cannot shirk a duty. The family motto ought to be after this fashion: 'Be always ready, and stand in your lot, and do the next thing.' It seems to be the next thing for me to say something to this crowd of cousins. We are all a family party here to-day. My mother was a Montague, and blessed be her memory! She died two years ago at the great age of eighty-nine. She was the daughter of John, who was the son of Caleb, who was the son of Samuel, who was the son of John, who was the son of Richard, to use the biblical language. John, my grandfather, was grandson of the Deacon Samuel of whom you have heard to-day, and from whom the orator of this morning is also descended, through Richard, instead of Caleb as I am. I have a recollection of three of the Montagues of

that generation, — my own grandfather John, Elder Elijah Montague of Leverett, and William Montague of Hadley, who were sons respectively of Caleb, Richard, and Daniel. They are the only members of that generation of whom I have any recollection, and I suppose now that perhaps even the next generation has passed away forever. It is true, as our chairman has said, that from my natural bent, and perhaps from the influences which were around my childhood, I have long been interested in Montague history; for my grandfather took an interest in these things, and I have heard stories from him of what took place in Hadley as long ago as King Philip's War. Deacon Samuel Montague heard of these events from the participators in them, for he was not born until the war was over; and he communicated them to his grandson John, from whom they came to me.

When I began to read English history, and saw that the name of Montague was great and prominent, I had an ambition to prove that I had come down through their line; but I never could trace out any particular line, more than the gentleman who has addressed us this afternoon has done. When I heard that our American progenitor was a baker by trade, I concluded that if he belonged to the nobility at all it must have been to a *decayed* branch: but none the less do I love the name, because of the associations connected with my own family; and I am proud to claim my descent from the race. It has once or twice been suggested here, in the words which I have heard to-day, that it is in the honesty, in the intelligence, in the honorable name and fame, of one's ancestors, that one ought to take pride, and not in the glory of rank; and so far as my personal knowledge goes, it is true, that, from the first Richard down to the present time, the current of our blood has run through no ignoble veins. It has been stained by no crime, and the men and women who have borne the name of Montague have been true and honest and noble; not filling stations in the high places of the land, but belonging to that great middle class on which the foundation of all that is good in our society rests. It is because the men and women of New England, and of this land, were such men and women as the Montagues have been, that this land stands to-day, and that this great nation is what

it is; and we have a right to be proud that we belong to such a race. It is because the men and women of America, and especially of New England, were such men and women, that we went through the Revolutionary struggle; and it is because they were such men and women, that in our last great conflict we conquered, and the Union stands to-day. So I say with regard to this Montague race, and to all kindred men and women, Blessed be their memories, blessed be their lives; let us be grateful to almighty God that we have such an ancestry!

I believe in blood; I believe in descent: not in descent from any crowned head, not in descent from any who have worn the ducal coronet, but in descent from honest and true men and women, — because the current of the blood that flows from generation to generation is rendered pure and good by the virtues, as it is tainted by the vices, of our progenitors. I thought that I would try to say something about what I knew in regard to the Montagues, confined almost wholly to the Sunderland branch. But time is short, and doubtless there are many whom your chairman has in mind to call upon to speak. I am glad, after all, having gotten over my embarrassment, that I was called up to give words of kindness and greeting. I may also say here, before these people of Hadley, that whenever the Allises, or the Churches, or the Beldens, or the Dickinsons, or the Whites, or the Russells, or the Smiths, or the Warners, or the Hubbards have a family gathering here, *there I am;* because it so happens, that, looking back over my genealogy, I find that I am descended from nearly all the good men and women who settled Hadley."

Mr. Wallace H. Montague of Kansas City, Mo., being called upon, said, "Mr. Chairman, and brothers and sisters, I am not prepared to make any speech at all. I can only introduce myself as the grandson of Joseph Montague. I can only say that I am glad to meet you all here to-day, and I hope that this may not be our last gathering. I will not try to make a speech, but bid you good day."

Mr. W. Powhatan Montague of Richmond, Va., said, "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, we have come from the sunny South to grasp the hand of those from the West and North and the East, because our hearts beat in unison with

your own. Representing, in part, the Southern branch of the Montague family, I extend the right hand of fellowship to those of my kin who are assembled here from all parts of our country. The history of that branch with which we are more immediately connected has been furnished to the Rev. Richard Montague, and was embodied in his address this morning. To that record we point with pride and with pleasure, in the full confidence and belief that those of the same race and blood will recognize in us the true descendants of those ancestors whose deeds we have sought to commemorate, whose virtues we appreciate as an inheritance fair beyond all price. May this large gathering prove not only instructive to us, and produce a great deal of good, but may it benefit our children and our children's children; and, as the years roll on, may the recollections of it be an incentive to our descendants to lead such lives that, when their earthly career shall close, no finger of scorn can be pointed at them. Let us live up to the names which we bear, and let us value them."

Mr. WILLIAM IVANHOE MONTAGUE of Baltimore, Md., said, "I came up from the South to this beautiful valley, in response to the invitation sent by your committee, for two special reasons: first, to learn something of my kindred in this part of the country; and, secondly, to meet you all personally. The eloquent orators of the day have completely exhausted the popular theme; and there is really nothing left for me to say, except that I am a descendant of Peter Montague, the brother of Richard who settled in Hadley; so that, though we are distant as the poles, yet we are one as the sea. In conclusion, I wish to express my acknowledgment of the cordial reception you have furnished us."

Mr. CHARLES MONTAGUE of Boston said, "I think, Mr. Chairman, there is a mistake in calling on me for remarks. It was understood, that, when journalists were to respond, I should be privileged to refer to the genial clerk of the courts of Berkshire. I am sorry to learn that Mr. Taft has already spoken, during my absence, and I know not what he has said. Two boys left Sunderland many years ago, and were known as editors of 'The Eagle' for many years. My brother Taft is, and always was, an acceptable speaker; and I trust he has told you

the experience of these Berkshire journalists. We have all been most delightfully entertained by the excellent address of our talented brother, the Rev. Richard Montague from Providence; and I know I but give voice to the universal sentiment of our family who have listened to his complete and finished address, when I say that he has our hearty thanks. I was also very deeply interested in the historical essay of our learned brother, Professor Montague. But I confess that I never had any profound reverence for 'lords' and the other distinguished men of title who seem somehow to be our connections far away in history. I have, however, a confession to make on this matter. One of my daughters married a man by the name of Lord, who went to Oregon, and they made him judge of the supreme court. Well, the judge liked the name of his wife so well that he insisted that his son should be called Montague. Now, this was all well enough; but what should these Oregonians do but transpose the names, and so my two-year-old grandson is now called 'Lord Montague'! Though in this country we are all sovereigns, and have no need of titles, we are all grateful for the able manner in which our esteemed brother has traced out the connection of our family with worthy and notable characters in the history of our mother country."

Mr. GILBERT MONTAGUE of Chicago said, "I am not a speaker, and I have no preparation. I can only say that I am proud to be a Montague. For the benefit of younger members of the family, I will state the effect of the name upon me when I was a boy. While quite young my home was broken up by the death of my mother. As many a boy had done before me, I went to the city of Boston to live, without any restraining influences to keep me from doing as many young men unhappily do. I remembered the teachings of my mother and father. But I have always felt that the fear of bringing disgrace upon the name of Montague was fully as strong as the other influences instilled into my mind by my parents. I am proud to say that my grandfather was Rev. Elijah Montague, and my great-grandfather Major Richard Montague. I congratulate you all on our gathering to-day."

DAVID O. MONTAGUE of Davenport, Io., said, "My father's name was Zenas Montague of Vermont. He died in September,

1810. The following winter my grandfather came up, and brought me and my elder sister to West Hampton, and that was my home until he died. At the age of twenty-one I went West, and have been there since, with the exception of my return to West Hampton nineteen years ago this fall. While there, at the home of uncle David Montague living in the centre of the town, cousin Henry Montague accompanied me to my old home, — the house and home of my grandfather Peter (which I understand is now nearly all torn down); and I have been requested to repeat some verses which I composed on my ramble out there in September, 1863."

Mr. Montague repeated some interesting lines of considerable length, which lack of space and copy prevents our inserting.[44]

Deacon MOSES MONTAGUE of South Hadley said, "I certainly did not expect that you would call me up, to expose my decrepit old age. I certainly ought to be relieved entirely now, after these fourscore years and more, from all effort; and I claim your patience and your kindness. I thank you for your respect. May you all have a better history than any that has gone before you. May we all honor our ancestors."

Col. GEORGE L. MONTAGUE of New York said, "The president, as you observed, has addressed me by my military title; but it is because I am a man of peace that I am in my present difficulty. I rode over from South Hadley this morning upon the coach with twenty other passengers, seven of whom were gentlemen, and all ready speakers except myself. It was announced that the chairman of the meeting would call upon some one to represent that delegation, and everybody declared that it should not be himself, but they all united in an attack upon me; and the attack was so fierce, and the demonstration so warlike, that it forced me actually to stand upon my feet before you at the present time. The kindly demeanor and the gentle aspect of our president assure me that he would be glad to right the wrongs of the innocent and the injured; and I therefore hope that he will call upon each one of the gentlemen who rode over with me, to take a dose of the same medicine which they have prepared for myself. I say this

fearlessly, because I expect to provide some other means of returning home.

In South Hadley, to-day, I believe, there are twenty-one Montagues, thirteen of one generation, and seven of us of another, — and all direct descendants of Deacon Moses Montague, who just sat down. He is now within about a month of eighty-five years of age. We have just been examining the records, and find that he is the oldest here, and the only one born in the last century; and his long life has made up a record alike honorable to himself and useful to the community. I might say in connection with the anecdote of Mr. Luke Montague, given by the eloquent orator of the morning, that it was one of the South Hadley Montagues (whose house is now standing, built something like one hundred years ago), in whose dwelling the sills were put up to an extra height, and the doors were made three or four inches higher than ordinary doors, because the old man said he was going to have a door high enough for any Montague to walk in with his hat on."

The colonel wittily referred to Deacon Moses' noble physique, and then alluded to his own difficulty in remembering the many faces and names of the family. He illustrated his perplexity by an extremely well-told and very apt, but utterly unreportable, story, which called out hearty laughter and applause.

Mr. Daniel Montague of Mount Morris, Mich., said, "Friends and relatives, this is one of the most unexpected occurrences of my life, and I think there is not an individual in this house so much surprised as I am to-day, for two reasons, — first, that I am called to speak here without the least previous intimation of it; and, secondly, at seeing so many bearing the name of Montague. The address that we had in the morning, in its judgments relative to the leading characteristics of the Montagues, was, I may say (and I am now in my seventy-seventh year), correct. Now, if you wish those principles established and carried out by your descendants, inculcate into the minds and hearts of your children the principles of religious instruction. Every thing, almost, that is evil, every thing, almost, to subvert the religion of Jesus Christ, is at

work; and it is absolutely necessary to train the rising generation in the principles of Christ. It is the great work of the country. For Christian institutions, friends, we have reason this day to thank God; and what I ask of you who are now on the stage of action is that you should be true to the principles of Christ and humanity, to the name and characteristics of the Montagues that have gone before you."

Mr. CHARLES H. MONTAGUE of New York said, "Mr. Chairman, brothers and sisters of the house of Montague, I think the proceedings, thus far, have been a little 'heavy,'— too many names, dates, and figures. Now, my head is full of figures; in fact, I came away from New York to *get away from figures*. My head aches; and my beloved double cousin, the Rev. Richard, has just told me that his head aches; and you, Mr. Chairman, appear to *ache all over*. I wish you would call up a few of the witty members of this family, and give us a little fun. My friend the colonel from New York has started in the right direction. Let us have more of it. The Rev. Richard and the worthy professor have discharged their duty admirably as the 'wheel horses' of this 'coach;' the colonel — a little more frisky — has acted the part of one of the 'leading' horses; and I wish I were capable of completing the team. The professor has given us a history of a long line of high and mighty Montagues: but I fail to see how we can claim any relationship to the aristocracy; and I, for one, do not care to. Even brother Taft — the astute jurist from Pittsfield — confesses that he is unable to find out 'what line we came down on.' My own impression is, that the large number of Montagues in the tailoring business proves that we must have come down on a '*clothes-line*.' The great antiquity of the Montague family, as shown by the professor's address, has astonished me beyond measure. It reminds me of the claim by one of the ancient titled families of Europe, — the Montmorencys, I believe, — represented on their coat-of-arms by the family page in the foreground, running towards Noah's ark in the distance, with a large package strapped upon his back, marked, 'Make room for the archives of the Montmorency family!' I think the Montagues go back of that; in fact, perhaps we have here a solution of the troublesome question to most readers of the

Book of Genesis, Where did Cain get his wife? *Cain's wife must have been a Montague!* We have been told to-day, by our worthy chairman, 'that no Montague has ever occupied a felon's cell;' that though they have, from time immemorial, held places of honor and responsibility, 'no Montague has ever been a defaulter or betrayed a trust.' Of course, this is true; but there is one characteristic of the Montagues, which has not been so much as mentioned here to-day, to which I would like to call your attention; and perhaps it can best be illustrated by propounding a conundrum: 'Why is it that the Hon. Samuel L. Montague here on my right, and perhaps a half-dozen others in the house, are immortal?' Do you give it up, Mr. Chairman? Very well: I will answer, that the accumulation of wealth is not one of the successes hitherto attained by Montagues; and therefore *no man by the name of Montague, possessed of very much property, was ever known to die.*"

Hon. SAMUEL L. MONTAGUE of Cambridge said, "I had hoped that I should be overlooked. My worthy cousin has seen fit to allude to me. You see some of the characteristics of the man, — something like the Irishman's flea, — '*now you see him, and now you don't.*' He was visiting a friend once who had not met him for twenty-five or thirty years. The friend followed his visitor through the front door, and out of the back door, and across the yard; and by and by, after he had followed him over most of the premises, he exclaimed to his sister, '*For heaven's sake, stop that man long enough for me to say, How do you do?*' Now I never said any thing witty in my life, neither am I a talking man; but I think that we all feel that we have great reasons for rejoicing at the success that has attended our first general family gathering: I hope that the pleasure of each individual member of the family will be such that some means will be adopted so that our meetings can be held at intervals. I certainly should not be satisfied, were I to return to my home feeling that I should never have the privilege of attending another family gathering. There is one thing that should not be forgotten; and that is, that we are indebted to our worthy chairman, and secretary, and the members of the committee residing in this vicinity, for the perfect manner in which all the arrangements for the meeting have been attended to. They

have devoted their time almost exclusively to perfecting the details of this meeting, ever since the idea first entered their minds some six months ago; and I would now desire, in the name of the whole Montague family here present, to tender our cordial thanks to those who have been the originators of this meeting, and also to the orators of the day for providing for our enjoyment and comfort. I think we are also indebted to our excellent chairman for the honor of originating the idea of this meeting, and taking the necessary steps to set it on the road to success. Certainly he is the first one who suggested the idea to me; and although, owing to my being so far away, I have not been able to do my share of the work, still I have found that it has occupied most of my thoughts for several months, and I have looked forward with such a longing desire for the time to pass, and such anticipations of pleasure at the prospect of meeting so many of my own blood and kin for the first time, that I began to think, that, if I was not nearing the line of my second childhood, I was certainly getting back to my second boyhood, when one Thanksgiving or family meeting was hardly over before I began to count the days to the next. I find that I was not mistaken in my anticipations. Every moment since my arrival has been full of solid enjoyment, until our chairman called me up. Then enjoyment vanished, and embarrassment took its place; but the thoughts and suggestions which this place and occasion call up would almost inspire the dumb with speech. There is one thought that has been suggested, which it seems proper that we should consider; and that is the part which our ancestors have taken in establishing and maintaining this great American Republic, and our duty, as their heirs and trustees, in administering such a splendid inheritance. A short time since, while in conversation with a friend who had seen the notice of our family meeting in the papers, I was asked if our family were descended from either of the families in England who belonged to the nobility. I told him I did not know whether we were, or not; but, if investigation should prove that we were, I should not feel half as proud of the fact, as I was of the evidences which I had found, that our ancestors, by the active interest which they had taken in our country and its institutions, and in shaping its destinies, were

entitled to the noblest of all titles, that of true American citizens, — men who, being denied the right to think and act as their consciences dictated, had the strength of character and force of will to leave kindred, friends, and home, that they might, on this new continent, help found and perpetuate for us and our posterity a form of government which is one of the noblest monuments to free thought, progress, and civilization, the world has ever seen. The evidences of their devotion and love for their country are clear and numerous. Wherever duty called them, — whether on the farm, in the pulpit, workshop, or camp, — they have never faltered in their allegiance to their God, their country, or their families. This, in my judgment, is a higher title to true nobility than any that can be conferred by man, and one, it seems to me, of which we ought to feel justly proud. When we think of the influences which our country's government and institutions have exerted and are to-day exerting throughout the world, in favor of human progress and free government; and that we are the descendants of men who, almost from the commencement of our country's history to the present time, have done their share in establishing and maintaining for us this priceless legacy, — does it not become our duty, in this place made sacred to us as the home and resting-place of the first of our race in America, to accept this inheritance as a solemn trust, and, gathering inspiration from their acts and lives, to dedicate ourselves to maintaining it for our children and their successors? A century hence, when our descendants shall assemble in this beautiful town as we have done to-day, to review the work of those who have passed away, may they cast their eyes along the line, and say with truth, as we now say, 'Theirs was an honorable record; the trusts which they received from their fathers have been administered with honor to themselves and their country: their lives have honored ours.'

Mr. Chairman, in visiting the old cemetery in this place, I found that two brothers, George W. Montague of New York, and our secretary, C. C. Montague of Amherst, had within a short time remedied the neglect of centuries, and had, at their own expense, erected a monument over the grave of the first Richard. Whenever I find any Montague doing an honorable

act, I like to have it noticed, as I feel that it confers an honor upon us all; and for fear that you, Mr. Chairman, may be too modest to call upon your own son, I will take the liberty of asking Mr. C. C. Montague to state the reasons which influenced him and his brother George to erect this monument."

Mr. C. C. MONTAGUE of Amherst said, "I did not expect to have any thing to say here to-day: I expected to have the pleasure of listening to others. But, as I have been called upon to say a few words in regard to the erection of the monument, I will simply remark, that my brother and myself became interested in tracing our own line of ancestors back to the first Richard. In doing this we visited the cemeteries at Amherst, and found the grave of our grandfather, at which there was a monument erected, showing that his father was buried in North Leverett. We next visited that spot to see if we could find his grave there; and we found the grave of Major Richard Montague of North Leverett, also marked with a slab. We knew that his father Samuel Montague was buried at Sunderland; and we visited that town, and found his grave, also marked by a stone. Tracing the line back from there, we had to come to Hadley; and in visiting the old cemetery here (which, by the way, is the most ancient of any in this vicinity), we found that it had the remains of two others in the line, John and Richard, neither of which graves was marked with a stone. But, according to the best information that we could obtain, we located the spot, which is, we think, at least very near the place where the first Richard was buried. We then erected the slab which you see there. At that time we had no idea that there would ever be a Montague meeting, or any publication of the erection of the stone. We put it up for our own satisfaction more than any thing else, so that we could point to the monument of all our ancestors back to Richard. This we can now do, except in the case of his son John. It is a great satisfaction to see so many of the name here to-day. So far as I am concerned, I would much prefer to listen to these speakers from a distance: therefore I will not seek any thing else to say."

Professor LEVI STOCKBRIDGE of Amherst said, "Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen of the Montague family, — with a thousand years looking down upon you, and in the pres-

ence of the fathers and the mothers of many generations, I am obliged to announce to you that the programme of this great Montague meeting has broken down. And I will tell you how I know that fact. Only five or six days ago your chairman called upon me, and wanted to know if I would be present this afternoon. I told him, 'Yes, of course.' — 'That's right!' he said: 'now don't you fail to be there. I don't know how we shall come out: there may be a break-down, and in that case I shall call on you.' Now, there must have been a break, or I should not be called out. Now, when he made that announcement to me, a good many things passed through my mind. The first thing that I thought of was that passage recorded in the first chapter of Job, sixth verse.[45] That has been running through my mind ever since until to-day. The next thing that entered my mind was this: 'Why, it is all out of place for me to appear there in any other capacity than as a spectator. Certainly my name is not Montague, and the line is full enough that bears the name. Certainly I should not appear there as a speaker.' Now, I find that the Montagues here who bear the name are proud of it, as you ought to be; and I presume if I had the name I should feel just so. But I propose to take you down a pinch. Now, you call me a half-blood. My mother was a Montague: I am a half Montague. What are you who call yourselves of the name of Montague? Assuming that Richard was a full-blood, what was the second Richard? A half-blood. What was the third Richard? Only a quarter-blood. The fourth Richard was only an eighth-blood, and so on. And, if I remember right, the Richard who addressed us so ably this morning can be but a sixteenth-blood. Now, then, *this Montague blood is pretty well shed out.* I don't believe there are many molecules of the genuine Montague blood in the veins of the present generation; and yet, as a physiological fact, I agree they are there. I have to-day endeavored to learn something, however, by studying this crowd. I have had the fact in mind, that the blood was nearly all shed out, and only here and there is there a molecule of common blood in your veins and mine; and yet I can clearly see the Montague traits in every feature of your faces, in the way you walk, in intellectual and moral

characteristics. It is a remarkable fact, that these traits have come down generation after generation until the present time. Now, then, I am going to get out of this as quick as I can. The facts in relation to my connection with the family are simply these: I have never known any thing of my ancestors; I never cared any thing about them. My work has been the work of the day and of the hour; to do my duty in the places in which God has set me, without regard to what has gone or what is to come. That may not be quite right, but it is the fact in my own case. But this meeting has been to me a great eye-opener. *I see that the old Richard, lying yonder, is living to-day in his children.* So we, I see, are to live in our children who are to come after us. As our ancestors sowed, we reap. As we shall sow, and as we shall perpetuate, so our posterity will reap."

Hon. C. W. KINGSLEY of Cambridge said, "We do wish that we were Montagues, but we are thankful that we are half Montagues; and, after what we have seen to-day, we think that must be a very great honor. My first visit to this place was made fifty-three years ago. I was five years old. An impression was made on my mind at that time, that has never left me; and it was in connection with a custom which prevailed here with regard to keeping the Sabbath. I came with my mother one hundred miles on the stage. We got up in the morning, and drove all day, and just at sundown of a summer's day drove into old Hadley Street. I was profoundly impressed by the Sabbath stillness which prevailed even then, because I was called into the house and hushed up about sundown of Saturday night. I was told that I must keep very quiet, because it was Sunday; and the next day was observed with great solemnity. So the day passed in the ordinary services of the Sabbath. There were several children there who are my cousins, here to-day, thank God! and I know that we were on the *qui vive* for the sundown to come. I began to make inquiries to know what that meant. 'Well,' they said, 'when it comes sundown, then we can have a good time.' Sure enough, when it came sundown, everybody let the children out. I remember we went out to the barn to find hens' eggs; and I remember more than that, that the elder cousins went off down the street to singing-school; and I

remember more than that, that preparations by my aunt were made for the washing-day on the morrow. Now, that made a profound impression on my mind; and it seems to me that those strict old virtues which were then cultivated may account somewhat for the virtues of the Montagues who have found their fathers and mothers in this neighborhood. Another circumstance pleases me. I have noticed one little change in this wide street since I was here fifty years ago. There were ponds in the street then. I have not found any ponds since I have been here. I drove over with a pair of horses, and I told my family that I thought I could drive directly to the homestead: my bump of locality is large. I discovered a gentleman who was working away at a pump, and I sent my little boy to inquire if this was the old Montague homestead. I found that I had hit it just right. I got out, and found the only Montague who still lives in Hadley; and he was at work putting in a pump, so that the pilgrims who came here might get a good glass of water out of the old Montague well. I walked the horses on the grass, along under the shade of the trees. It did not seem the same place. I had not got a great way before a boy called out, '*Mister, the street's out here.*' [46]

It has been said to-day that the Montagues are a practical set of men. Our excellent brother, who spoke here a few moments ago, told you he could not make a speech, and then went on and made a splendid one. I know what he can do. We made him mayor of Cambridge for three years; and I guess, if he had stood it, we should have made him mayor for life. I have never taken any great interest in my forefathers. I want to tell you something I have learned since I came here. I knew who my father was, and I knew who my mother was. My mother was Mary Montague. And I have learned since I came here that she was the daughter of Nathaniel Montague, and he was the son of Daniel Montague, and he was the son of — well, *the best Montague of that crowd.* I am sure that is the one I came down from. I have never thought that I had much responsibility about my forefathers: I never had any control over them. But I have had at the same time a most profound impression that I had a great deal to do with what I was coming to. I hope some means will be taken by which an account of

this meeting shall be published and preserved. I want to keep it. It is a valuable thing. Look at the services of my brother here, going back into the past, and of my other brother here! I am willing to be one of ten to pay all the expenses, no matter what they are, of publishing a full report of this day's proceedings."

Mr. WILLIAM H. MONTAGUE of Boston spoke briefly, but was obliged to cut short his interesting remarks on account of the lateness of the hour. He desired, in substance, to say, "For many years, threescore at least, I have employed myself in tracing out the history and pedigree of our family, both here and in England. I had completed almost a perfect genealogy of the family down to the year 1850; and I intended to have an engraving of Richard, our emigrant ancestor, accompany the work: but unfortunately the larger portion of my manuscripts was lost, and, as my eyesight began to fail, I gave up the project. But, many years after, a cousin of mine, Miss Mary Montague of Granby, took up the subject, and completed, with my assistance and that of many others, a much more perfect genealogy, so far as to bring down the descendants of Richard the first to the time of her decease, which was but a few years since. I hope there are enough of the Montagues who will be liberal enough to see that the work is published, so that her indefatigable labor, as well as mine, may not be lost, so that the descendants of Richard Montague may be benefited by our labors. . . . I was always very desirous of learning from what place in England our ancestor emigrated, and if he left relatives at home; and, after exhausting the available sources of information in this country, I employed Horatio G. Somerby, Esq., an eminent genealogist, an American, resident in London, who made it a profession to trace the pedigrees of American families to the mother country. This involved considerable expense, but I cheerfully incurred it to gratify my own curiosity and that of other descendants of our ancestor. Mr. Somerby was eminently successful. He found in the Heralds' College, engrossed on parchment, with the arms of the Boveney branch of the Montagues emblazoned thereon, the visitation of Buckinghamshire made by Richard St. George, Clarinceux,[47] in a perfect state of preservation; commencing with William Montague who died in

the year 1500, and who left a large family, so that he was probably a man fifty years of age at his death. Mr. Somerby copied the pedigree, which was brought down to the year 1634, and there was found a marginal note that Peter and Richard were in America in 1634. While Mr. Somerby was copying the visitation, a gentleman passed behind him, and asked him if he took any interest in the name of Montague. He replied that he did not personally, but he was employed by a Boston Montague to trace back the pedigree of Richard Montague, who was in America in 1634, and he had found it in the visitation which he held in his hand. The gentleman handed Mr. Somerby his card, on which was 'William Montague, Member of Parliament, Constitution Hall, Gloucestershire.' Mr. Somerby handed him my letter of instructions to him: in this was stated that Peter and Richard came to this country in 1634, and vague tradition adds that a third brother came also, but the tradition was so vague, and, so far as I knew, was so wholly unconfirmed, that I regarded it as fabulous. When Mr. Montague read this, he said, 'Nevertheless, the tradition is true; for my ancestor went to America, and, not liking the country, returned, and from him I claim my own descent.' Mr. Montague went to Buckinghamshire, and in the town of Boveney, parish of Burnham, he copied the records for me; and they agreed exactly with those found in the Heralds' College, with but two exceptions, due to the difference between Norman French, and Saxon names. Thus, Mr. Chairman, there is no guesswork in our pedigree back to the year 1500. The evidences are such as could be used in a court of law. They are not vague traditions, but actual records. If my labors in rescuing my ancestry from obscurity have gratified my kinsmen, I am repaid. Against my physician's advice I have come here, with my daughter and grandson, to participate in these festivities. I find that our kinsfolk from the North, the South, the East, and West, need no introduction. Though my eyes cannot look at your faces, and these beautiful surroundings, I have been deeply interested in the minute descriptions I have heard. In imagination I have seen the olden time as well. I have listened with pleasure to the address of the morning, exhaustive, appropriate, elegant, and scholarly. I have enjoyed the

interesting, learned, and elegant address of this afternoon. I have drunk from Richard's well, and have visited his grave. Permit me to repeat some lines which I improvised as we stood by our ancestor's grave: —

Uncover! We stand on sacred ground;
For here the bones of our ancestors are found.
Not every stone can say what this one can, —
'Here lies the body of an upright man,
An honest man, the noblest work of God.'
Such was he that lies beneath this green sod.
His virtues we cherish, his memory revere:
The name he bequeathed us, we'll ever hold dear.

I regret that through no fault of mine, or of your committee, the original miniature of Richard the first, together with other valuable relics of the past, all of which I own, are not here to-day. In closing let me say, Mr. Chairman, that I rejoice in the success of this gathering. To those who, by planning, research, and labor, have secured this success, we all owe a lasting debt of gratitude."

The exercises of the afternoon closed at 5.30 o'clock with music by the orchestra. Supper was served, for those who desired it, in the Town Hall. Many returned to their homes, others sought the hotel, and others sought rest in preparation for the evening.

EVENING.

The pleasing strains of the orchestra at 7.30 o'clock introduced the evening reception, which was held at the Town Hall, was altogether informal, and was attended by a large number. The evening was chiefly given to social converse; but before it closed the vice-chairman, Hon. Samuel L. Montague, called on Mr. C. S. Montague of Washington, to read a poem (which the lateness of the hour had crowded from the afternoon's exercises) written by Miss Helen C. Montague of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mr. C. S. Montague said, "Friends and relatives, I have no set speech to make; but as this seems to be what our Methodist brethren would call an experience-meeting, or love-feast, I may be allowed to exhort a little. This reminds me of a story showing the difference between a preacher and an exhorter. After the war a Union colonel went South to run a plantation. One day he called up one of the hands, and said, 'Sam, this preaching must stop: the time of the hands is so taken up with protracted meetings, that the work is neglected, and crops are suffering.' Bill, who stood by, remarked, 'Sam ain't no preacher.' — 'What is he, then?' asked the colonel. 'Why, he's a 'zorter.' — 'Well, Bill, what is the difference between a preacher and an exhorter?' — 'Why, a preacher, he takes a text, an' he's done got to stick to it; *but a 'zorter, he kin branch.*' But, seriously, there are two points not specially noted thus far, which I would like to emphasize. We have heard a great deal to-day about the leading characteristics of the Montague family; and perhaps the one of greatest prominence has been *adherence to principle.* They may have been slow to form opinions sometimes; but, once formed, they were clung to with a death-grip for conscience' sake. The result has been men of personal worth, — men of

character. Not many great men, as the world counts greatness, have borne the family name; but, wherever found, they have, as a rule, been law-loving and obedient, of good morals and sterling integrity. It is well to ask, What has produced this nobility of character? what has given it shape? I answer, the Christian home, — the home maintained against this modern heresy of divorce. I have yet to hear of the first person, bearing our family name, who ever sought a divorce. President Woolsey has led us to think that New England is not much better than Utah. A friend of mine remarked that the only difference seemed to be that in Connecticut they drove the team *tandem*, while in Utah they drove *four abreast*.

Gathered here to-day as a family, let us remember, and, as we remember, let us honor, those Christian *mothers* who have made these Christian homes a possibility, a living reality. Back of the sturdy men of character, back of these homes whence they came, have stood the patient, trusting, hopeful mothers, the real 'power behind the throne.'

> 'Where'er he wanders, or what ills betide,
> She shares his fortunes, ever at his side.
> On the broad prairie, or in the forest gloom,
> His humble cabin is her happy home.
> From her loved friends and kindred far away,
> The faithful-hearted labors day by day.
> Courageous spirit! who could bear, like thee,
> Thy lonely life, thy toil and poverty, —
> With wifely cares the weary hours beguile,
> And make even barren desolation smile?
> Mothers such as these nurtured those strong arms
> And stronger hearts, that, when wild war's alarms
> Had paled the cheek and quailed the heart of all
> The sons of fear whom tyrants can inthrall,
> At the armed despot stern defiance hurled,
> And Freedom's flag upon the air unfurled.'

I think we all feel that it has been well to have met, clasped hands, and looked into each other's faces. As we look back, this day will mean more than 'hail and farewell.' Its memory will live, the bonds of fellowship have been firmly riveted. Let us part with a hearty 'God bless you,' for each other. Down in the ocean, far below the winds and waves that agitate the sur-

face, there is an unbroken calm, along which lies the electric cord that binds the continents in one. The porpoises and the sharks will try their teeth in vain on the chill iron that protects it, but its spirit will hasten on with the message it bears. So beneath the conflicting interests of our differing creeds, temperaments, and industries, in the great deep of our common nature, may there ever be found the golden cord of love, binding all our hearts in one, as children of the same God and Father.

Mr. Chairman and friends, perhaps a word of explanation will be in order before I read another person's poem. About one week ago I received a postal card from my sister, saying she had already sent her contribution to Mr. George Montague of Amherst; but, after learning I was to be present, she had sent him word that I would be on hand to read it for her. Thus you see I have received an appointment without being consulted in the matter. So far as my observation goes, this species of civil-service reform has not been adopted in any of the departments in Washington.

This fix I am in reminds me of a story that Carlyle tells, illustrating the French Revolution. A very wealthy *savant*, who was quite an epicure, kept a yard of choice fowls, from which he supplied his table. It was his habit frequently to visit his fowls in the morning, and address them as follows: 'My dear fowls, with what kind of sauce would you like to be served up?' Then the fowls with one accord began, 'We don't want to be killed; we don't want to be killed!'—'Tut, tut! was the reply: 'you wander from the point.' Here I am to be served up without even the chance of choosing the sauce!"

MISS HELEN MONTAGUE'S POEM.

From ocean to ocean, across this broad land,
The flag of our Union is floating to-day:
From the north to the south there is none can say nay;
But the symbol of peace, like a sentinel grand,
Guards our "land of the free and home of the brave."
Great forests and mountains afar can be seen;
Mighty rivers are formed from the tiniest rills;
While the silver and gold on a thousand hills
Are locked with the key of God's power, I ween.

Such is the strain the poet may sing,
And if only the singing all blessings could bring!
But we have the shadows as well as the light:
Stern facts on the face of America's name
Are a curse and a blight to her far-reaching fame.
We have met here to-day from all over the land,
With a kindly welcome and grasp of the hand;
But we came, not to tell of what has been done
For us as a nation, — what battles we've won,
What ships have been lost or brought home again,
Whether peace and prosperity and "good will to men"
Have been blessings which Heaven has granted to us:
But as a family of kindred and name,
From near and from far, with a purpose the same, —
E'en as the children at Thanksgiving time,
New England's great feast, to the dear old home, —
Children and grandchildren, so we have come
Back to the home in old Hadley town.
How many the scenes e'en now handed down,
From father to son, of childhood days,
With their joys and their sorrows, — ah! these are the ways
That come to us all, — but with tenderness mild,
As we tell of the time "when *I* was a child"!
How the memories crowd with their pictures of old,
Some long forgotten, and others oft told!
There you see the white church, half-way down the street;
How familiar it seems, with its weather-vane spire,
Ever teaching the lesson of high and still higher!
We listen in vain for the sound of the bell,
Proclaiming the hour when God's people meet;
And hear in its stead — you remember it well —
The blow of the horn, on each Sabbath day.
And the schoolhouse, too, — you'll not forget that, —
Where through the long hours you so wearily sat,
Reciting the words that were conned o'er and o'er,
And learning the text of "twice two are four."
Then the village green, — and what pleasure more sweet
Than, school-hours now done, for all there to meet!
And last, but not least, before Thanksgiving Day,
Ay, a whole week before, — so I've heard one say, —
The boys off to bed, at the sunset hour,

Were wont to go for an extra supply
Of sleep and strength, which the next week they'd try.
But these pictures bring more of the days that are gone,
Some glad and joyous, and some sad and lone:
The places of dear ones are vacant to-day, —
Dear ones who've gone on the heavenly way;
One by one they are going to the mansions fair,
And none will be missed in the home-gathering there.
Seems it hard to you now, looking back through the years,
To recall all the sternness, your hopes and your fears?
Perhaps it *was* hard; but such training has power
To bring out *true manhood*, the richest of dowers
That heaven or earth can give us or ours.
And if times there shall be when you wish that your life
Had had more of the pleasure and less of the strife,
Bear this truth in mind: that the world's great need
Is women and men who in word and in deed
Shall stand firm for truth, for justice and right.

Rev. RICHARD MONTAGUE called attention to the genealogical labors of Miss Mary Montague (deceased) of Granby, already referred to by Mr. William H. Montague, and expressed a hope that a genealogy of the Montague family might be published at an early date, especially as it was understood that a learned scholar of our name was ready to edit the work, for which materials were already so fully collected.

Mr. WILLIAM H. MONTAGUE called attention to the importance of collecting objects of interest connected with the day's gathering. In future years our descendants will visit with interest this place. There may be other gatherings of our family here. How interesting, at such times, to see the faces and mementos of a former generation! He moved that a Montague Cabinet be instituted, and a keeper appointed, to whom all Montagues — by name or blood or marriage, near or remote, present or absent — be earnestly requested to forward their photographs (with autographs and brief pedigree thereon), and any other papers or objects of interest in such a collection. The plan was unanimously adopted; and the Chair appointed Mr. Charles C. Montague, Amherst, Mass., keeper of the Montague Cabinet. May he early receive an abundance of Montague treasures![48]

At the suggestion of the Chair, the present committee of arrangements was constituted a standing committee, to call future gatherings, or institute other measures of general interest to the family, at their discretion.

It was announced that arrangements had been made for publishing a report of the proceedings of the day, and subscriptions were solicited for the work.

On motion of Mr. Gilbert Montague, the thanks of the family were tendered to the town of Hadley, for their generous courtesy in extending the use of their public hall; to the First Congregational Church, for the pleasant accommodations of their meeting-house; to the citizens of Hadley, for their helpful contributions; to the various committees, whose arduous labors for our enjoyment had been crowned with success; to the chairman and secretary of the general committee, for their untiring efforts in our behalf; and to the orators, poets, and hymnists, who had pleased and profited us so much.

It was felt by all that the pleasure of the day had been due, in a large degree, to the attendance and words of those from a distance, — the South and the West, — whose presence gave almost a national significance to the day's festivities.

The orchestra continued their selections, many chatted, others selected partners for an informal family dance of "the olden time;" and at ten o'clock the evening reception closed,[49] thus pleasantly ending what all present were unanimous in declaring a "red-letter day" in their calendar, — the day of the

MEETING OF THE MONTAGUE FAMILY

AT

HADLEY, MASS., AUG. 2, 1882.

The following hymns were written for the meeting, but for want of time could not be sung: —

HYMN.

BY MISS ADELIA MONTAGUE.

Oh! welcome here, from far and near,
With hearts all light and gay:
Let mirth and song the hours prolong
This anniversary day.

REFRAIN.

Though years have come, and years have gone,
And passed like dreams away,
Yet one by one we gather home,
This anniversary day.

As brothers all, we heard the call,
And gladly we obey,
To gather here, with friends so dear,
This anniversary day. — REF.

We'll shout and sing, the hills shall ring
With our glad roundelay,
With sweet delight our hearts unite,
This anniversary day. — REF.

Old Hadley dear, full many a year,
Our thoughts will turn this way,
As we review these scenes anew
Of anniversary day. — REF.

MOUNT MORRIS, MICH.

HYMN.

BY MRS. F. LEE SMITH.

From far and near we come to greet
  Our kindred, on the spot
Once pressed by our forefathers' feet,
  And visit their dear cot.

CHORUS.

We come to honor those gone home,
  Of our ancestral line;
We come for memories sweet that roam,
  We come for "auld lang syne."

Adown the vales of wintry life
  Unto the deep, deep sea
Of endlessness, afar from strife,
  Of such are some we see. — CHO.

The spring-time bud and summer flower
  Are also of this band;
And autumn's mellow fruit, the dower
  Of golden harvest-land. — CHO.

We come, we go, to meet no more
  As now, each smiling face;
For all will change, and from this shore
  In time will end their race. — CHO.

We see a land all fair and bright,
  Just out of earthly view,
Where old and young, in realms of light,
  Awake to glory new. — CHO.

LEVERETT, MASS.

MEMBERS OF STANDING COMMITTEE.

George Montague	*Amherst, Mass.*
Hon. Samuel L. Montague	*Cambridge, Mass.*
Rev. Richard Montague	*Providence, R.I.*
Prof. William L. Montague	*Amherst College.*
Elliot Montague*	*South Hadley, Mass.*
R. M. Montague	*Hadley, Mass.*
Albert Montague	*Sunderland, Mass.*
Gilbert Montague	*Chicago, Ill.*
Isaac W. Montague, Jun.	*Holyoke, Mass.*
Charles H. Montague	*New York City.*
Henry Montague	*Kalamazoo, Mich.*
W. W. Montague	*San Francisco, Cal.*
Alfred D. Montague	*Westhampton, Mass.*
George W. Montague	*New York City.*
T. G. Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*
Ephraim Montague	*Belchertown, Mass.*
George Montague	*Pres. Seventh Ward Nat'l Bank, N.Y.*
Col. George L. Montague	*Yonkers, N.Y.*
Dwight B. Montague	*Springfield, Mass.*
Arthur H. Montague	*Granby, Mass.*
John L. Montague	*Belchertown, Mass.*
Walter P. Montague	*New York City.*
H. W. Montague	*Northfield, Mass.*
George B. Montague	*Brooklyn, N.Y.*
Gen. Charles P. Montague	*Baltimore, Md.*
P. H. Montague	*Treasury Dept., Washington, D.C.*
Samuel Montague	*Chatham, Va.*
J. V. W. Montague	*Mason City, Io.*
G. R. Montague	*La Crosse, Wis.*
William P. Montague	*Boston, Mass.*
J. S. Montague	*Woodstock, Vt.*
Charles Montague	*Boston, Mass.*
H. W. Taft, Esq.	*Pittsfield, Mass.*
John M. Smith	*Sunderland, Mass.*

* Deceased Sept. 1, 1882.

George C. Smith	*Hadley, Mass.*
Prof. Levi Stockbridge	*Amherst, Mass.*
Henry Stockbridge, Esq.	*Baltimore, Md.*
Horace Montague Smith	*New-York City.*
Joseph Platt Howard	*New-York City.*

C. C. Montague, *Amherst, Mass.*,
Secretary of Committee, and Keeper of Montague Cabinet.

A BOOK OF REGISTRY.

[A Book of Registry was prepared for the use of those attending the meeting of Aug. 2; and all Montagues, by name or connection, were invited to register their names, with specified portions of their pedigree. Many acceded to the request, but a considerable number failed to register. Some also recorded the names of near relatives who were not present. The list, imperfect and somewhat inaccurate as a list of persons present, as it may be, is of great interest and value to those who can consult the original autographs. It is also believed that the record deserves a place in this report. Omitting the genealogical portions, the Register contains the names here given. The State, if unmentioned, is Massachusetts.]

MALE LINE.

Moses Montague	*South Hadley.*
Holland Montague	*Granby.*
Ephraim Montague	*Belchertown.*
Brainerd Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
George Montague	*Amherst.*
David O. Montague	*Davenport, Io.*
Simeon Montague	*Flint, Mich.*
Erastus Montague	*Conneautville, Penn.*
Alfred D. Montague	*Westhampton.*
A. Judson Montague	*Davenport, Io.*
Samuel L. Montague	*Cambridge.*
Annie S. Montague	*Cambridge.*
Charles H. Montague	*Cambridge.*
Mary N. Montague	*Cambridge.*
Gilbert Montague	*Chicago, Ill.*
Lydia S. Montague	*Chicago, Ill.*
Charles H. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Charles H. Montague, jun.	*Boston.*
Dwight W. Montague	*Cambridge.*
Helen A. Montague	*New York, N Y.*
Samuel L. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Clifton E. Montague	*Cambridge.*
George Montague	*New York, N.Y.*

Mary Lord Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Lucretia Montague Baldwin	*New York, N Y.*
Nancy A. Montague Hartt	*New York, N.Y.*
Hobart Tomlinson Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Wallace H. Montague	*Kansas City, Mo.*
Isabel Montague Brown	*Olathe, Kan.*
Lucy A. Montague Miller	*Olathe, Kan.*
Myron Montague	*Sinclairville, N.Y.*
George E. Montague	*Sinclairville, N.Y.*
Esther A. Montague	*Sinclairville, N.Y.*
Lemira M. Montague	*Sinclairville, N.Y.*
Francis W. Montague	*Sinclairville, N.Y.*
Elliot Montague	*South Hadley.*
George E. Montague	*Springfield.*
Samuel E. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
H. L. Montague	*South Hadley.*
Jennie L. Montague	*South Hadley.*
George L. Montague	*South Hadley.*
Charles L. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Myra A. Montague	*South Hadley.*
Warren H. Montague	*Allendale, S.C.*
Lyman E. Montague	*South Hadley.*
Isaac W. Montague	*Holyoke.*
Jessie Montague	*Holyoke.*
Harry A. Montague	*Holyoke.*
Giles Rollin Montague	*La Crosse, Wis.*
Alice Jennette Montague	*La Crosse, Wis.*
Jane G. Montague Morris	*Boston.*
Sarah G. Montague Blakeslee	*Boston.*
Frank Montague	*Conneautville, Penn.*
P. H. Montague	*Washington, D.C.*
Albert Montague	*Sunderland.*
Abbie T, Montague	*Sunderland.*
Emma L. Montague	*Sunderland.*
Ida V. Montague	*Sunderland.*
Albert I. Montague	*Sunderland.*
Charles Montague	*Boston.*
Juliet Montague Lord	*Salem, Or.*
Frank L. Montague	*Boston.*
Elizabeth B. Montague Moore	*Auckland, New Zealand.*
Willie B. Montague	*Putnam, Ct.*
Fannie S. Montague	*New Britain, Ct.*
John Herbert Montague	*Deep River, Ct.*
Theodore G. Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*
Frances M. Montague	*Pomeroy, O.*
Catharine S. Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*

Langdon E. Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*
Dwight P. Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*
Clara W. Montague	*Middleport, O*
Lucy W. Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*
Norton Thayer Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*
Theodore L. Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*
May Montague	*Chattanooga, Tenn.*
Edwin Moses Montague	*Boston.*
Charles Augustus Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
William Perkins Montague	*New York, N Y.*
Harry Montague	*Cambridge, Vt.*
William H. Montague	*North Brookfield.*
Almer H. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
George William Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Charles Clinton Montague	*Amherst.*
Calvin S. Montague	*Kalamazoo, Mich.*
Grace E. Montague	*Kalamazoo, Mich.*
Kittie E. Montague	*Kalamazoo, Mich.*
Edward B. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
George B. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Ellen S. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Hattie E. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Amelia A. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Jessie Montague	*Davenport, Io.*
Roy R. Montague	*Davenport, Io.*
Carrie M. Montague	*Davenport, Io.*
Lena Montague	*Davenport, Io.*
Guy Judson Montague	*Lyons, Io.*
Zenas W. Montague	*La Motte, Io.*
Leroy C. Montague	*Lyons, Io.*
Elvira Montague Salisbury	*Le Grand, Io.*
Abbie Montague Stebbins	*Lyons, Io.*
Horace Montague	*Hoboken, N.J.*
Clara D. Montague	*Hoboken, N J.*
Juliette A. Montague	*Hoboken, N J.*
Horace E. Montague	*Hoboken, N.J.*
Amelia E. Montague	*Hoboken, N J.*
Henry L. Montague	*Hoboken, N J.*
Francis M. Montague	*Hoboken, N.J.*
Uriel Montague	*Westborough.*
Emma T. Montague Huxley	*Northampton.*
Delana C. Montague Kimball	*Middlesex, Vt.*
Gen. Charles P. Montague	*Baltimore, Md.*
John H. Montague	*Richmond, Va.*
D. P. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*
Walter P. Montague	*New York, N.Y.*

Kate Montague Katlin	*Baltimore, Md.*
Percy Montague	*Richmond, Va.*
William Ivanhoe Montague	*Baltimore, Md.*
Kate Montague	*Baltimore, Md.*
Bessie M. Montague	*Baltimore, Md.*
Meredith F. Montague	*Richmond, Va.*
Sallie W. Montague Lefroy	*Richmond, Va.*
Helen Montague	*Richmond, Va.*
John H. Montague, jun.	*Richmond, Va.*
H. Montague Robertson	*Baltimore, Md.*
Neville Montague	*Richmond, Va.*
Electa Montague Putnam	*Cassadaga, N.Y.*
Raena Montague Bryce	*Woodstock, Vt.*
Electa W. Montague	*New Bedford.*
Laura Montague Cushman	*Ludlow.*
John L. Montague	*Belchertown.*
Alice L. Montague Kendall	*Ludlow.*
Sabra W. Montague Charters	*Brooklyn, N.Y.*
Susan G. Montague Ayres	*Amherst.*
Harriet Montague Bartlett	*Northampton.*
Pamelia W. Montague	*Brooklyn, N.Y.*
Harriet Montague Judd	*South Hadley.*
Annie B. Judd	*South Hadley.*
C. Newton Montague	*South Hadley.*
Clara E. Montague	*South Hadley.*
Mary L. Montague	*South Hadley.*
Wallace Newton Montague	*South Hadley.*
Abbie L. Montague Kemp	*Holyoke.*
Anne L. Kemp	*Holyoke.*
Jennette Montague De Witt	*Springfield.*
Francis C. Montague	*Westhampton.*
Harriet Montague	*Amherst.*
Edward H. Montague	*Westhampton.*
Levisa J. Montague	*Westhampton.*
Alfred D. Montague	*Westhampton.*
Harriet F. Montague	*Westhampton.*
Richard Montague	*Union Springs, N.Y.*
Guerdon Montague	*Geneva Lake, Wis.*
Arthur H. Montague	*Granby.*
Charles A. Montague	*Springfield.*
R. M. Moutague	*Hadley.*
Alice Montague	*Hadley.*
Hattie Montague Griswold	*Hadley.*
Susan Montague Holden	*Hadley.*
Jessie Montague Osgood	*Hadley.*
Mary Montague	*Hadley.*

Bertha Montague . . . . . *Hadley.*
W. R Montague . . . . . *West Springfield.*
Maria Montague Hastings . . . *Westfield.*
H. Lovisa Montague Torrey . . . *Westhampton.*
Sylvia Montague Rice . . . . *Westhampton.*
Henry W. Montague . . . . *Westhampton.*
Henry Burt Montague . . . . *Westhampton.*
Nathan Lyman Montague . . . *Westhampton.*
David S. Montague . . . . . *Westhampton.*
Myron H. Montague . . . . *Westhampton.*
Lucinda A. Montague . . . . *Westhampton.*
Mary N. Montague . . . . . *South Hadley.*
Hattie C. Montague . . . . . *South Hadley.*
Harry C. Montague . . . . . *South Hadley.*
Emily B. Montague . . . . . *South Hadley.*
Edward J. Montague . . . . *Westborough.*
Hannah Sophia Montague . . . *Granby.*
Richard Montague . . . . . *Providence, R.I.*
D. N. Montague . . . . . *Mount Morris, Mich.*
Dwight B. Montague . . . . *Springfield.*
Anna Billings Montague . . . . *Springfield.*
Charles Dwight Montague . . . *Springfield.*
Edith Florence Montague . . . . *Springfield.*
Gilbert Holland Montague . . . *Springfield.*
Sarah Montague Griffes . . . . *Flint, Mich.*
M. Adelia Montague . . . . *Mount Morris, Mich.*
W. Henry Montague . . . . *Flint, Mich.*
Charles G. Montague . . . . *Mount Morris, Mich.*
D. Edward Montague . . . . *Mount Morris, Mich.*
Fred M. Montague . . . . . *Mount Morris, Mich.*
Justin S. Montague . . . . . *Woodstock, Vt.*
Ruth S. Montague . . . . . *Woodstock, Vt.*
Harriet Montague McDowell . . . *Lyons, Io.*
William E. Montague . . . . *Springfield.*
Mary E. Montague . . . . . *Springfield.*
Delia Montague Ripley . . . . *Springfield.*
Dell Montague Ripley . . . . *Springfield.*
Morrison D. Montague . . . . *Springfield.*
Mabel Montague . . . . . *Springfield.*
Mary Jennison Montague . . . . *Springfield.*
Ruth Ellery Montague . . . . *Springfield.*
Electa B. Montague Randall . . . *Marshall, N.Y.*
H. W. Montague . . . . . *Northfield.*
George C. Montague . . . . *Granby.*
Jane C. Montague . . . . . *Granby.*
Jennie A. Montague . . . . *Granby.*
William L. Montague . . . . *Amherst.*

FEMALE LINE.

Lucretia G. D. Bullard	*Cambridge.*
William Dickinson	*Worcester.*
Elizabeth D. Currier	*Worcester.*
Henry W. Taft	*Pittsfield.*
Ellen E. De Witt	*Granby.*
Benjamin F. De Witt	*Granby.*
Louisa M. Forrester	*Chicago, Ill.*
George C. Smith	*North Hadley.*
Maria C. Dutton	*North Amherst.*
Lucy H. Field	*Longmeadow.*
Catharine M. Kimball	*Leverett.*
Thankful C. Beaman	*Leverett.*
Alfred F. Beaman	*Leverett.*
Charles H. Beaman	*Leverett.*
Isabel A. Beaman	*Leverett.*
Ernest Montague Beaman	*Leverett.*
Edward B. Beaman	*Leverett.*
Mabel C. Beaman	*Leverett.*
Dan A. Beaman	*Leverett.*
Anna D. Beaman	*Leverett.*
Daniel W. Bryce	*Woodstock, Vt.*
Susan S. Wells	*Bernardston.*
Montague R. Marsh	*Springfield.*
Charles S. Marsh	*Newton.*
Edmund P. Marsh	*Newton.*
Enos Montague Marsh	*Newton.*
Montague S. Blakeslee	*Melrose.*
Jennie E. Blakeslee	*Melrose.*
Sarah S. Blakeslee	*Melrose.*
Arthur G. Blakeslee	*Melrose.*
Anna M. Blakeslee	*Melrose.*
Sidney Pulsifer	*Philadelphia, Penn.*
Horace Montague Smith	*New York, N.Y.*
Miranda S. Alden	*Ashfield.*
Edward F. Pulsifer	*Chicago, Ill.*
Caroline O. Paul	*Vineland, N.J.*
John Montague Smith	*Sunderland.*
Mary J. Merwin	*Newark, N.J.*
Roscoe A. Salisbury	*Davenport, Io.*
Lucy Salisbury	*Le Grand, Io.*
Hattie Salisbury Welker	*Le Grand, Io.*
J. Wirt Salisbury	*Le Grand, Io.*
Jessie Salisbury	*Le Grand, Io.*
Frank D. McDowell	*Clinton, Io.*

Charles Owen McDowell . . . . *Lyons, Io.*
Jennie McDowell . . . . . *Lyons, Io.*
Carrie Stebbins . . . . . *Lyons, Io.*
Maria L. Lyman . . . . . *Amherst.*
Martha E. Swift . . . . . *Brooklyn, N.Y.*
Lora G. Taylor . . . . . *Easthampton.*
Harriet J. Graves . . . . . *South Manchester, Conn.*
Henry Montague Smith . . . . *Morristown, N.J.*
Justus Smith . . . . . *Morristown, N.J.*
Delia Montague Ripley . . . . *Springfield.*
Maria P. Lyman . . . . . *Amherst.*
D. D. Whitmore . . . . . *Sunderland.*
Maude M. Hastings . . . . . *Westfield.*
Martha L. Savage . . . . . *Bloomfield, O.*
Mary T. Pulsifer . . . . . *Philadelphia, Penn.*
Electa Montague Porter . . . . *North Brookfield.*
E. F. Ames . . . . . *Montreal, Canada.*
S. M. Preston . . . . . *South Hadley.*
A. S. Preston . . . . . *South Hadley.*
C. W. Kingsley . . . . . *Cambridge.*
Ella J. Kingsley . . . . . *Cambridge.*
Henry C. Kingsley . . . . . *Cambridge.*
Addie M. Kingsley . . . . . *Cambridge.*
Chester W. Kingsley . . . . *Cambridge.*
Luceba D. Kingsley . . . . . *Cambridge.*
Elmer G. Kingsley . . . . . *Cambridge.*
C. Willard Kingsley . . . . *Cambridge.*
Sarah E. Bliss . . . . . *Wilbraham.*
Adoline M. Ferry . . . . . *Milton.*
Charles G. Ayres . . . . . *Hadley.*
Sabra G. Ayres . . . . . *Amherst.*
Susan A. Hall . . . . . *Huntington, N.Y.*
Myra Montague Salisbury . . . *Le Grand, Io.*
Walter Montague Welker . . . *Le Grand, Io.*
Katie Ives Hall . . . . . *Amherst.*
Eugenia Montague Hall . . . . *Amherst.*
Viola M. Graves . . . . . *Amherst.*
N. Smith Graves . . . . . *Amherst.*
Mary Jane Graves . . . . . *Amherst.*
Sarah A. McConnel . . . . . *Lonsdale, R I.*
Fannie G. Linnell . . . . . *Norwich, Conn.*
Harriet S. Hunt . . . . . *Sunderland.*

NOTES.

Note 1. — Page 8.

A change in the arrangement of the report necessitated, as indicated, the omission from pp. 7–8 of three stanzas of Miss Montague's hymn: —

"Long years ago, across the sea
Our father came for liberty;
And we, his sons and daughters, bless
The Hand that led him in distress, —

To this fair land, by Heaven blest,
Where weary exiles find a rest;
Where all may breathe sweet freedom's air,
And none molest in praise or prayer.

Here streams of knowledge, deep and wide,
Abundant flow on every side;
And all may treasure in their youth
Rich pearls of wisdom and of truth."

Note 2. — Page 12.

The editor is permitted to announce the promise of a continuance of the line and *name* of our first American ancestor. To the Rev. Richard and Martha C. Montague of Providence, R.I., was born, Aug. 24, 1882, a son, Richard Montague, jun. Should he live to read this report, may he be incited to emulate the worthy ancestry of former generations.

Note 3. — Page 13.

Recent discoveries and present investigations by Mr. George W. Montague of New York City, and Professor W. L. Montague of Amherst College, make it probable that these missing links will be found; and a genealogical tree from 1882 to 1060 (the time of Drogo de Montacute, one of the train of William the Conqueror) may be soon possible.

Note 4. — Page 13.

Mr. William H. Montague of Boston, the only surviving founder of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, its treasurer and one of its

directors, 1845–1851. In his old age and blindness, his presence and words were an interesting feature of the day.

NOTE 5. — Page 13.

Quoted, with a few slight verbal changes, from a private letter, dated Feb. 26, 1849, from Hon. William Montague, M.P., of Gloucestershire. Compare p. 77.

NOTE 6. — Page 15.

This miniature (of which an enlarged copy, together with a fac-simile of Richard's autograph as found on his will, is given with this report) is now owned by William H. Montague of Boston. Major Richard Montague of Leverett, the great-grandson of the first Richard, visited Hadley in 1788 or 1789 for the express purpose of examining family records. He was satisfied of the genuineness of this miniature, and secured possession of it. By him it was given to his friend Rev. William Montague of Boston, through whom it passed to William H. Montague. It was doubtless painted in England; and the youth of its subject is consistent with the traditions relative to the date of Richard's emigration to America, as is also the Cromwellian style of dress. It was much regretted, that, through no fault of the owner or of the committee, this interesting relic was not brought to the meeting.

NOTE 7. — Page 15.

Compare pp. 76–78.

The English home of Richard of Hadley is sometimes in the report said to be Boveney, sometimes Bourney. They are the same name. Boveney, Bourney, Borney (originally Bourn-End, or Born-End, — that is, "river's end"), is located, according to ancient maps, on the Thames, above Dorney. It is in the parish of Burnham, Buckinghamshire, at the mouth of a small river which takes its rise among the Chiltern (chalk) Hills, and flows into the Thames above Dorney. See Note 42.

NOTE 8. — Page 17.

Rev. William Montague, rector in Boston and also in Dedham; father of the gentleman mentioned in Note 4.

NOTE 9. — Page 19.

This cane is now owned by Peter Ross Montague, Mina, Chautauqua County, New York. He is son of Zenas, son of Peter, son of Moses, son of John, son of Richard the first of Hadley.

NOTE 10. — Page 20.

George W. and Charles C. Montague, sons of George Montague of Amherst. Compare pp. 5, 45, 72.

NOTE 11. — Page 22.

The Richard and Abigail Montague mentioned in this paragraph, and whose names may be found in the manual of the Wethersfield church, must not be confounded with the first Richard and Abigail, who removed from Wethersfield to Hadley. It is interesting to find our family name (variously spelled Mountague, Mounticue, Montague) continuing through successive generations on the rolls of the ancient Wethersfield church.

NOTE 12. — Page 22.

See Note 4.

NOTE 13. — Page 23.

Measures for carrying out this suggestion are in contemplation. Those interested may correspond with George Montague, Amherst, Mass.

NOTE 14. — Page 25.

Readers of New England history will at once recall the sudden, mysterious appearance of Gen. Goffe, who led the citizens of Hadley against the Indians. See Higginson's "History of the United States," pp. 137–138; Hawthorne's story of "The Gray Champion."

NOTE 15. — Page 26.

H. W. Taft, Esq., of Pittsfield, Mass., to whom the speaker was indebted for much valuable information. See pp. 61–63.

NOTE 16. — Page 26.

The editor has been asked if the town of Montague is named from Major Montague. It is not; but, originally the North Parish of Sunderland, it was incorporated Dec. 22, 1753, and "was named in honor of Capt. William Montague, who commanded 'The Mermaid' at the taking of Cape Breton, and who was sent home with the news of the victory of Louisbourg:" thus Nason's "Gazetteer." Information is requested concerning Capt. William Montague.

NOTE 17. — Page 28.

To secure greater clearness, some slight verbal changes have been made from Major Montague's extant MSS. narrating his dream.

NOTE 18. — Page 29.

For his sketch of Major Richard Montague, the speaker was largely indebted to the courteous assistance of the present pastor of the Leverett Baptist Church, the Rev. Baxter Newton; and to notes of the late Zebina

C. Montague of Amherst. The exact phraseology of these scholars is frequently adopted without marks of quotation. According to the notes of Z. C. M., the powder-horn was made when Montague was a member of Montgomery's expedition to Quebec. This, however, was in 1775, and 1759 is surely the date of the horn's inscription. Moreover, Montague could not have been in that expedition. Wolfe captured Quebec in 1759. At Crown Point were forces under Amherst and Major Rogers, expecting, but failing, to co-operate in Wolfe's expedition. Researches of Prof. W. L. Montague make it probable that Richard was one of Major Rogers's rangers, who marched from Crown Point to St. Francis. Then, exhausted and reduced in numbers, they retreated to the Coös, and, at last, to "No. 4, Charlestown, N.H." See Bryant's "History of United States," vol. iii. p. 439; Barstow's "History of New Hampshire."

NOTE 19. — Page 30.

Descendants of the major remember seeing in their childhood blue-and-white coverlets, woven by his hands in various figures, such as vines, cows, birds, etc. The extant powder-horn is very ingeniously ornamented. Major Montague had a loud, fine voice. He would ascend a small knoll behind his house, and call to neighbors a mile away for yarn for weaving, specifying the kinds desired.

NOTE 20. — Page 32.

This incomplete knowledge was in no way due to lack of prompt and cordial assistance from Peter's descendants. Several gentlemen gave all possible help. Particular thanks are due to Mr. Meredith F. Montague of Richmond, Va. The meeting of Aug. 2 was greatly heightened in interest and pleasure by the presence and co-operation of Southern kinsmen. The gathering will doubtless prompt to more extended researches into the history and genealogy of the Southern Montagues, descended from Peter Montague of Virginia. It is hoped that it may lead to a similar meeting in the Old Dominion.

NOTE 21. — Page 36.

The whole of Dr. Holland's beautiful poem, from which these stanzas are taken, may be found in the very interesting report of the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Hadley.

NOTES 22 and 23. — Pages 40 and 41.

Mr. Kingsley exhibited, as he read, several linen towels marked with his mother's initials, "M. M." When describing his mother's wedding outfit, he also showed the "scarlet cloak" mentioned in the poem.

NOTE 24. — Page 42.

This is not stated as historical, but by poetic license.

NOTE 25. — Page 43.

Miss Sabra Ayres, daughter of Elijah and Susan Ayres (Susan Ayres was daughter of Stephen Montague, and was born on the old homestead in Hadley), was for six years a teacher in South Africa, and is now one of the faculty of Wellesley College, Mass.

NOTE 26. — Page 43.

See Note 24.

NOTE 27. — Page 44.

Two large-sized photographs of the "Montague Family Meeting" at Hadley, Mass., Aug. 2, — one of the interior decorations of the church, and one, a group in front of church, — can be obtained by sending name and post-office address, and enclosing fifty cents for each photograph desired, to J. L. Lovell, artist, Amherst, Mass.

NOTE 28. — Page 47.

See Johnson's "Lives of the Poets;" "Chief Justices of England," vols. i., ii.; "Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain;" "British Admirals," vols. v., vii.; Johnson's "Queens of Society;" Carlyle, in "Edinburgh Encyclopædia;" "Celebrated Travellers," vol. ii. — F. G. L.

NOTE 29. — Page 48.

Records of New England Historic-Genealogical Soc., vol. ix. — F. G. L.

NOTE 30. — Page 50.

See Note 4. Compare pp. 13, 76-78.

NOTE 31. — Page 51.

[Notes 31–42 are contributed by Professor W. L. Montague of Amherst College, with the assistance of Mr. George W. Montague of New York City.]

"The surname of this noble family was anciently written in Latin *de Monte Acuto*, and in English Montacute; but the original was nevertheless Montagu, from the town of that name in Normandy."— BURKE'S *Peerage*, vol. ii. 132: London, 1832.

NOTE 32. — Page 51.

According to another authority ("Peerage of England," vol. i. 78, London, 1790), the arms of Drogo were "*azure*, a gryphon segreiant, *or*," which arms were borne by his successors, William, Richard, Drogo, William, and William; but Simon (son of the last William) changed them to "*argent, three fusils in fess, gules.*"

Note 33. — Page 52.

In Collinson's "Somerset," vol. iii. 311, the castle is named Montagud, and the parish Montacute.

Camden, in his "Britannia" (59, 60), describes the mountain as "singular in shape, whose top towers above, and terminates in a sharp rocky point. This wild and beautiful spot is Monte-acuto, or Montacute, so named by the Earl of Moreton, who built a castle on the very top of the hill, and a religious house at the bottom of it." Previously the place was called Bischopeston or Biscopestone.

Note 34. — Page 53.

Mr. George W. Montague of New York City has found records that are more complete, and given a pedigree of the elder branch, of which the following is an abstract: I. Drogo de Monteacuto; II. William de Montacute; III. Richard; IV. Drogo (Dru); V. William; VI. William; VII. Simon (married Aufricia, daughter of Fergusius, king of the Isle of Man, descended from Orry, the king of Denmark, — two sons, William[1] and Simon[2]); VIII. William (four sons, John,[1] William,[2] Simon,[3] and Edward[4]); IX. William (two sons, William[1] and John[2]); X. William (one son slain in a tilting-match during the life of his father); XI. John (son of John, IX.,[2] brother of William, IX[1]); XII. Thomas (one daughter, Alice, who married Richard Nevil). John XI. had three brothers, — Thomas (Dean of Salisbury), Richard, and Simon. From the latter are descended the earls and dukes of Montagu, Manchester, and Sandwich.

Note 35. — Page 53.

William Montacute, the first Earl of Salisbury, was the ancestor of a long line of English sovereigns, by the marriage of his daughter Philippa to Roger Mortimer, Earl of March (father of Edmund Mortimer, the great-grandfather of Richard, Duke of York), from whom descended King Edward IV. and most of his successors. He was Marshal of England, a man of strong character, of great power and influence. He received many rich and extensive grants of lands and estates from the king, in several of which there were strong castles, situated on hills that were high, steep, and rocky; as at Old Sarum (Salisbury) and Denbigh. He founded a priory at Bistleham (Bisham) in Berkshire, where he was probably buried. His wife Catharine (called Certes in Camden's "Britannia") was buried there, and a monument was erected to their memory.

In the inscription it is specified that "her father ('the Lord Grandison') was descended out of Burgundy, cousin-german to the Emperor of Constantinople, the King of Hungary and Duke of Bavaria, and brought into England by Edmund, Earl of Lancaster."

Note 36. — Page 53.

William, the first Earl of Salisbury, became king of the Isle of Man by conquest; having raised a body of English troops, and driven out the Scots

who had taken possession. Subsequently the Scots, under Robert Bruce, regained it; but about the year 1340 William, the second earl, recovered it by force of arms, and held it for the term of fifty years, when in 1393 he sold it and the crown thereof to William Scrope for a great sum of money. This Scrope was beheaded, and the Isle fell to Henry IV.

NOTE 37. — Page 53.

William Montacute, the second Earl of Salisbury, married Joan, daughter of Edward Plantagenet. Earl of Kent, third son of Edward I. She was known as "the Fair Maid of Kent," and was a woman of incomparable beauty.

Her name has always been connected with the founding of the noble order of the Knights of the Garter, and the motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense." It is said that she (Joan Montacute), the Countess of Salisbury, while dancing, lost her garter, and King Edward took it up from the floor, at which the nobles who stood around him laughed; whereupon the king told them that the time should soon come when the greatest honor imaginable should be paid to that garter.

NOTE 38. — Page 53.

John de Montacute, father of the third Earl of Salisbury, also Marshal of England, married Margaret, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Monthermer (or Mount Hermer) by Joan of Acres, daughter of King Edward I.; in whose right he had summons to Parliament from thirty-first year Edward to thirteenth Richard II., when he died, and was probably buried in the Salisbury Cathedral.

"Beneath the seventh arch is a tomb of John de Montacute, son of William, Earl of Salisbury, who died in 1388." — WINKLES'S *Cathedrals*, vol. i. 12.

NOTE 38*b*. — Page 54.

Sir Edward Montagu was the younger brother of John, the son of Thomas, son of Richard, son of William, son of John, who was the son of Simon, the youngest brother of John XI. See Note 34.

NOTE 39. — Page 55.

Boughton, in Northamptonshire, became a seat of the Montagus by the marriage of Simon Montagu (son of Sir John Montacute, brother of William the second Earl of Salisbury) to Elizabeth, daughter and heir of William Boughton.

Barnwell Castle, near Boughton, was repaired and beautified by Sir Edward Montagu.

NOTE 40 — Page 55.

Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, formerly the seat of the Wingfields, passed to the Montagus by sale; and Henry, Earl of Manchester, greatly improved the castle, sparing no expense that might add to its beauty.

Note 41. — Page 56.

The present Duke of Manchester made a brief visit in America a few months ago. In response to an invitation to be present at the meeting on Aug. 2, he wrote a very kind letter to the secretary, stating that he should probably return to England before that time, but expressing his interest in the meeting, and promising to send, on his return, a copy of the Kimbolton papers. Another letter announced that the book had been sent, with the hope that it would arrive before Aug. 2; but by some unfortunate delay it was not received until Aug. 17.

The work is a quarto volume of two hundred and eighty-three pages, containing an official report and abstract of the Manchester manuscripts. The original documents (between three and four thousand in number), domestic, political, and miscellaneous, extending from the reign of Henry VIII. to the beginning of the nineteenth century, were deposited in the Public Record Office of England by the Duke of Manchester. The work is very interesting and valuable, not only for its personal and family history, but also on account of the numerous documents relating to public events in England, France, and America.

A grateful acknowledgment has been sent by our secretary to his Grace the Duke of Manchester for his kind and thoughtful gift.

Note 42. — Page 59.

Boveney, Bourney, or Borney (originally Bourn-End or Born-End), in the parish of Burnham, Buckinghamshire, was a town situated at the confluence of a small river with the Thames, above Windsor and below Marlow. Within a circle of a few miles (of Boveney) are Dorney, where Bishop Richard Montague was born; Bray (across the river in Berkshire), where William Montague of Bray (uncle of the preceding) lived; near by is Binfield, where William Montague, grandfather of Richard (of America), married Margaret Maulthus; close at hand is Wingfield, where Elizabeth Montague married Richard Bane. Not far away is Bisham, belonging to the bishopric of Salisbury; and Bisham was very early a lordship of the Montacutes, who built a small monastery there about the year 1100. Hence it appears that the birthplace of the great-grandfather of Richard (the ancestor of the American family) was in the old home of the early Montacutes.

Note 42*b*. — Page 59.

It is also stated that William died in 1500, but it has not been possible to verify the date.

Note 43. — Page 61.

The remarks as given in the report are, for the most part, from stenographer's reports as made at the meeting by Mr. C. H. Montague, jun., of Boston. The editor has sought to assure himself of the accuracy of this report by sending proofs to those concerning whose remarks he was doubtful.

As these have not, in every case, been revised and returned, unavoidable errors may be discovered.

NOTE 44. — Page 66.

A printed copy of "Poetical Reflections of a Ramble from Westhampton Centre to the Old House and Home of Boyhood Days," by David Owen Montague (born Orwell, Vt., July 31, 1805), and dated Davenport, Io., Sept. 15, 1882, was received too late for insertion in previous pages. For copy, address as above.

NOTE 45. — Page 73.

Job i. 6: "Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them."

NOTE 46. — Page 75.

Those who are familiar with Old Hadley Street, twenty rods wide, with four noble rows of elms and maples, its long stretches of greensward, and its double carriage-road, will appreciate the point as strangers cannot.

NOTE 47. — Page 76.

The "Garter King at Arms" is the chief officer of the "Herald College." "Clarinceux" is the title of the second king at arms. — W. H. M.

NOTE 48. — Page 83.

Already have many photographs and interesting items been forwarded. Let the work go on!

NOTE 49. — Page 84.

A telegram dated Niles, Mich., Aug. 2, was received Aug. 3, too late to be read at the meeting: —

To C. C. MONTAGUE, *Secretary Montague meeting.*

Accept my heartiest congratulations, shadowed only by my inability to be with you on this happy occasion.

JOHN A. MONTAGUE.

Several letters of much interest, relating to the Montague meeting, were received by the secretary, some of which are here given.

While the notices of the meeting were being extended, the press announced the arrival in this country of His Grace the Duke of Manchester, the highly honorable representative of the ancient Montague name in England. A copy of the call was forwarded to him, to which he returned the following reply: —

From the Duke of Manchester.

CHICAGO, May 18, 1882.

C. C. MONTAGUE, Esq., *Secretary of Committee.*

Dear Sir, — I have received your circular respecting the meeting of the American members of the Montague family. I fear I shall not be able to attend it, as I expect to leave for England before August.

The Record Office has described in a report to Parliament the Kimbolton papers. In them there is much reference to the plantations in America. I hope to send you a copy on my return to England.

I wish all success to the proposed gathering.

Believe me, yours very truly,

[Signed] MANCHESTER.

And the following, in the same connection, was received: —

KIMBOLTON CASTLE, July 18, 1882.

Capt. Thonger, the Duke of Manchester's agent, begs to inform Mr. C. C. Montague, that a copy of the official report, presented to Parliament, on the Manchester MSS., has been forwarded to his address. Capt. Thonger is to say, that His Grace hopes that it may reach Mr. Montague before the 2d August.

Also the following: —

KIMBOLTON CASTLE, Aug. 26, 1882.

GEORGE MONTAGUE, Esq., Amherst, Mass., U.S.A.

Dear Sir, — I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the photographs of the meeting of the Montague family, with the records of the proceedings, which I shall read with pleasure. I regret very much that the copy of the report on the Kimbolton MSS. did not arrive in time for your meeting.

Believe me, yours very truly,

[Signed] MANCHESTER.

From Hon. T. W. Ferry, Senator from Michigan.

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C., July 3, 1882.

C. C. MONTAGUE, Esq., *Secretary of Committee.*

Dear Sir, — Your letter of May 15, by some unaccountable means, has just made its appearance, and I hasten to reply. It would afford me great pleasure to be present at the proposed "meeting of the Montague family" at Hadley on the 2d proximo. Yet I fear it will be impracticable for me to do so: we are kept here in session so late that I shall be compelled to return home as soon as we adjourn, and engagements may prevent my visiting Hadley at that time.

My hearty good-will shall attend the exercises of the anniversary. My father bore the Montague name, — Rev. William Montague Ferry, formerly of Massachusetts. His eldest son bears his name, now sojourning at Park City, Utah Territory. The eldest son of father's youngest son bears the same name, William Montague Ferry, and resides at Grand Haven, Mich.

Very truly yours,

T. W. FERRY.

From M. M. Hobart, Esq.

CLEVELAND, O., July 29, 1882.

C. C. MONTAGUE, Esq., *Secretary.*

My Dear Sir, — It is with deep regret that circumstances are such that I shall be prevented from being present and participating in the gathering of the Montague family on the 2d of August next. I feel proud of my Montague lineage, and honor and revere the memory of him whose name I bear. It would be difficult to find a family in New England or elsewhere that have maintained so closely the good old principles inculcated by the occupants of "The Mayflower." A gathering of men of such principles cannot but impress those present, and its influence will doubtless be extended to the length of the land.

Yours most respectfully,

MOSES MONTAGUE HOBART.

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